Week ending December 30 1944 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

WHAT PEOPLE TELL M.Ps

See Page 5

ANTHONY EDEN

by A. G. Gardiner

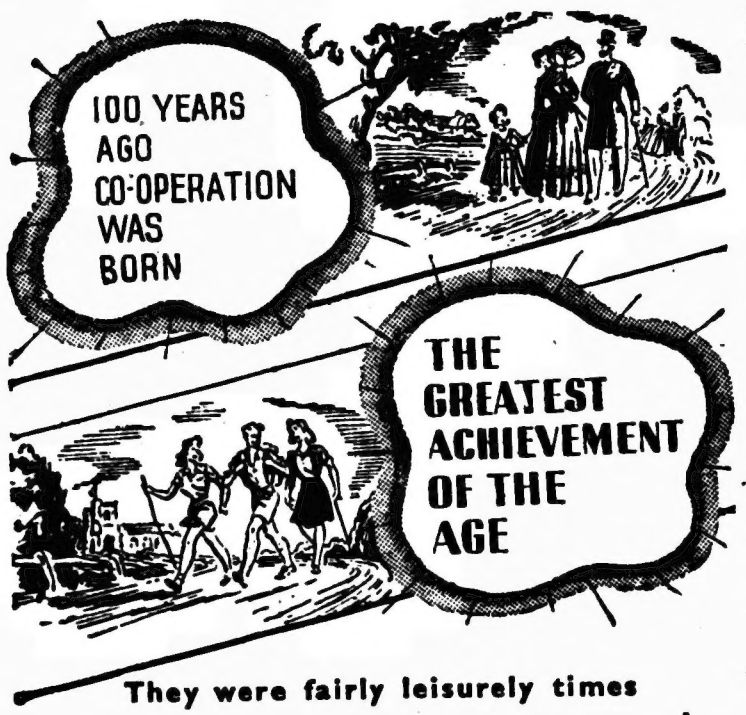
You'll enjoy a cup

of BOVRIL

★ For its delicious flavour, for the way it warms and cheers, for the grand feeling of well-being it gives, take a cup of hot Bovril. The war has changed many familiar things, but the high quality of Bovril remains the same.

In bottles—1 oz. 7½d.; 2 oz. 1/2; 4 oz. 2/1½d.; 8 oz. 3/9; 16 oz. 6/2

Cadbury quality—and no points



They were fairly leisurely times when, a hundred years ago, the men of Rochdale met to found the Co-operative Movement. But there was nothing leisurely in the progress of the idea. Within the century this great democratic experiment had encompassed the globe.

CWS

Issued by the CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD.

GN 1709 P

The New Hudson trade mark has a significance for all who wish to enjoy the *real* pleasures of cycling. Designed with an eye to comfort and built to give many years of smooth, effortless running, New Hudson is one of *the best* bicycles on the road.

THE NEW HUDSON BICYCLE

Standard Wartime Models.
Price £8:19:2 including Purchase Tax
New Hudson Ltd., Small Heath, Birmingham 11
No. 3

Let us help with YOUR PARTY

SOMEBODY'S coming home on leave. It's somebody's birthday. Or just a little party for the children. Here are some suggestions, sweet and savoury, which will make your party remembered with delight.

FORK AND FINGER SAVOURIES

A round of hard-boiled egg (made with dried eggs), a slightly smaller round of beetroot on top, a pinch of parsley in the middle on a slice of bread and butter or margarine.

Grated cheese, well seasoned, mixed with a little salad dressing and criss-crossed with strips of celery on a little square of pastry.

And here are some other ideas:

CELERY BASKETS. Cut a few sticks of tender, crisp celery into 3-inch lengths. Fill with a mixture of mashed potato and grated cheese and colour a nice pink with bottled tomato pulp. Sprinkle a pinch of finely chopped parsley on top.

LITTLE MEAT BALLS. Mix equal quantities of chopped canned meat or cold meat and breadcrumbs and a little chopped cooked onion if you have it. Season, and bind with reconstituted dried eggs. Roll into balls the size of walnuts, egg and breadcrumb them (reconstituted dried egg again), and fry. Delicious hot or cold.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S PARTY

FRUITY BUNS. Chopped apple, mixed with dried fruit — raisins, sultanas or chopped prunes — bound with jam and sandwiched between halves of buns.

ORANGE TRIFLE. Sponge sandwich — you can make lovely light ones with dried eggs — spread liberally with sweet orange marmalade. Saturate with orange squash diluted and sweetened to taste. Top with custard, decorate with mock cream and grated chocolate.

FREE LEAFLET—"Festive Fare" containing many other recipes and suggestions gladly sent free on receipt of a post-card. Please mention this leaflet by name, and address The Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, W.1.

(S109) ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

SEE WHERE YOU ARE WITH ATLAS LAMPS

ADVERTISEMENT OF THORN ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES LTD. 185/189 JUDD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

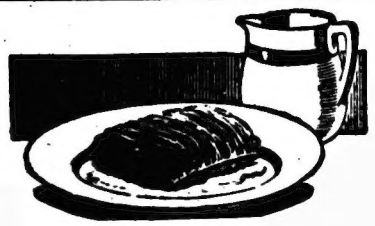
FIRST FOR FITNESS!

No dog too big, no dog too small—no dog too young, no dog too old—for Benbow's. This 'conditioner of champions' is a liquid preparation of purely vegetable origin and containing no harmful drugs. For more than a century leading Kennels throughout the world have relied on Benbow's to produce all-round fitness for exhibition and for sport. In addition to its regular use as a conditioner it is a most valuable medicine in all cases of Distemper, Eczema, Mange, Worms, and other doggy ailments.

AT CHEMISTS & CORN MERCHANTS.

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

Here's Food



Welgar Shredded Wheat is ready to serve on the instant and—what's more—it's a *really* good breakfast, satisfying, sustaining and brimful of energy. Zoned to save transport — not every-where obtainable.

EIGHTPENCE PER PACKET (3 POINTS)

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., WELwyn GARden City, Herts.

"I hate him...I hate him..."

But instead of tearing his letter to shreds she should read it again, *between the lines*. For he's trying to explain that Oral Offence can cool even *his* love.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth clean. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence—instantly!* 1/1 *Including Tax.*

Play Safe! use
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Twice a day

Supplies, naturally, are not at peacetime levels. In some districts zoning has made O.K. Sauce unobtainable. But, the time is coming, soon we hope, when everyone will once again be able to enjoy to the full the rich, fruity flavour of O.K. Sauce.

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Without Fear or Favour

CONTROL OR COLLAPSE

YOUR LIBERTY is in peril. Unless you are careful, you will defeat the Nazi tyrants only to be shackled by a soulless bureaucracy at home.

That is to be the 1945 substitute for the old Post Office Savings scare which panicked millions of people into voting for Diehardism.

In a single week, four attempts have been made to set our flesh creeping.

Sir Ernest Benn warns us against "the paralysing uncertainty of control."

Mr. Gordon England fears that unless engineering employers gain "complete freedom" the industry will be "saddled with hordes of officials."

Mr. Assheton, new chairman of the Conservative Party, asserts boldly: "Controls restrain enterprise, the only system which gave us plenty of work and a rising standard of living."

Similarly, Mr. Ernest Brown, leader of the Liberal-National rump, is sure that free enterprise alone can "secure a full life for the ordinary man, woman and child."

Yet free enterprise failed to provide a full life for the five millions of our people who were underfed before the war. Free enterprise did not offer plenty of work to the two millions and more who were unemployed until rearmament began.

WHAT BIG BUSINESS really demands is freedom to exploit the "ordinary" people.

Some measure of control is always necessary for the common good. We do not assault the policeman because he deprives a thief of the freedom to burgle our houses.

Raw materials, private spending, and even labour must to some extent be controlled if we are to obtain homes and work for all, and to avert a cut-throat competition that would lead to economic collapse.

The Blimps' campaign of artful intimidation will grow in the coming months. Let us not be deceived by it!

The Editor

WILL STUDENT DO IT?

New German "Wonder Hero." Man the Tories Fear. Joad's Bust. Factories of Health. No Ban on Priestley

THE GERMAN counter-offensive started with a flourish. Paratroopers and bomber formations were used. The Nazis, whose war machine had been going along in low gear, suddenly put on a spurt.

To most onlookers the attack looked like a last fling.

This, undoubtedly, is over-optimistic. The Nazis are doomed but not yet beaten.

For some days Rundstedt has been able to make a splash in the headlines. But the mud which bogged the Allied armies operates as remorselessly against the Germans the moment they go over to a big counter-attack.

If winter is no period in which to win the war by attack, it is equally no period in which to save it by the same method.

Good for a Whine

The German propaganda machine has naturally been making the most of a limited success.

Only a night or two ago, in hastily switching off a B.B.C. comedian I heard a snatch of the traitorous Haw-Haw "playing up" the temporarily improved Nazi position.

Does anyone deliberately listen to Haw-Haw nowadays? He used to be good for a laugh, but when I have heard him recently there has been a whining tone, as though he had a healthy idea of what was coming to him.

His line on the political situation, apart from the war, is nothing if not forthright. He apparently argues that Europe's New Order, under Germany, was a Heaven on earth compared to the present position in such places as Greece!

That is arguing in a vacuum, with a vengeance.

Sober Student

Meanwhile the German nation, lapping up any gains it has made in the last fortnight, is busy creating a new Wonder Hero. It seems that the Germans simply cannot do without one.

The latest man is Colonel-General Kurt Student, a safe, sober-sided fellow, who is thought to have little love for the Nazis themselves.

Student, according to opinion in London, is the driving force behind the last throw counter-attack.

A paratrooper, he is regarded as the "conqueror" of Holland and Crete, both campaigns being principally airborne.

More recently, his men held Cassino against furious Allied attacks, and he has a high reputation with the other Nazi generals.

His Hollywood Technique

Now, although Rundstedt is still the G.O.C., the popular plaudits are going to Student, with regular references to Hitler, now restored to official mention as the genius behind everything German.

The German public has been reminded how Student achieved the impossible with his daring "rescue" of Mussolini.

He is the chief of the German military stunt men, and the desperate parachute landings behind the American lines were typical examples of his technique.

But the Nazis need something more than stunts to help them stop the inevitable.

Lord Munster Reports

A STATEMENT HAS NOW been made about the welfare arrangements for troops in the Far East. The 14th Army has been out in the wilderness for a long time.

The man whose report may result in improved conditions for the Forgotten Men is thirty-eight-year-old Lord Munster, who recently returned from a detailed tour of the armies in Burma.

It is intensely difficult for the authorities to arrange efficient welfare and entertainment services to an army in such a distant country, but difficulty is no excuse for failure.

Entertainers who have returned from Burma were the first to protest about the monotony of the troops' life out there. Now, after months of agitation, a more active policy is being adopted.

Surprise for Ostriches

THE FRIENDS OF Franco Spain, and there are far too many of them, must have been worried at Lord Templewood's maiden speech in the House of Lords.

Previously, his Lordship, as Sir Samuel Hoare, was more noted for his soft answers where Franco and his thugs were concerned.

Now he has come into the open, and admitted that the *Gestapo* was everywhere prevalent in Spanish life.

His revelations would only surprise the ostriches, who are determined, at all costs, to continue their open support of the Franco régime.

Gone to Earth

LONDON AND PARIS at the moment are closely watching the obituary notices which are now appearing in Germany.

It has been noticed that a great many foreign quislings who had escaped to Germany, and a great many Nazi leaders on the home front, have been "dying" very conveniently of late.

Some thousands have "died" in the last six months alone.

It is suggested, I understand, that the Germans are taking advantage of the chaos after the huge air raids. People they are anxious to save—for future use—are being pronounced dead and buried. They then conveniently disappear.

Law to Himself

ALEXANDER BUSTAMENTE, leader of Jamaica's Labour Party, has just led his trade unionists to a smashing victory in the first West Indian general election, in which everyone over the age of twenty-one received a vote.

In Whitehall they are already wondering what repercussions this spectacular victory will have on the tangled politics of the sugar island. The Party won 22 out of 32 seats.

Bustamente is an extraordinary character; a moneylender, he made a fortune in the United States—and went home to Jamaica to organise the island's workers into seven trade unions.

He voted himself president of all seven. He appears to be a law to himself. Now he has tremendous local power. It will be interesting to see what he does with it.

JB insurance
1945
WAR TIME
SECURITY GIFT
FOR EVERY READER
See page 12

Hated by the Tories, Aneurin Bevan receives a merited compliment

Mr. Bevan Hurts

AT WESTMINSTER, the Labour Party's recent conference paid Aneurin Bevan a well-deserved compliment when the delegates elected him to the National Executive.

Bevan has been tireless in his Parliamentary work. If attendances were tabulated his name would be very high on the list.

The Tories, of course, dislike him intensely. He speaks with fervour, and with venom. He has that biting sarcasm which has been absent from our political debates since the days when Snowden was young.

Coming to London

STETTINIUS America's Secretary of State, is likely to visit London in the New Year. He has just survived an unhappy interlude; he has been bluntly criticised by both Parties for his highly indiscreet remarks about Britain's foreign policy.

He has now succeeded in getting a personal armistice by swearing that he never meant to be nasty.

His visit to London would be something of an unofficial peace treaty.

Factories for the Sick

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS I visited the most unusual factories I have seen since war began.

They are down near Cambridge, at the Papworth Village Settlement. This Settlement, as is fairly well known, is a large hospital organisation, where victims of chest diseases can live a sheltered life.

Its chief feature is a big hospital unit, which does some of the most advanced chest surgery in the country. There is also a research department, where experts have been working for years, combating the bacillus which causes tuberculosis.

Most patients, after the normal routine of sanitorium treatment, go back to their normal life, but some

Joad and unfinished bust

stay on and live in the village, working in its factories.

Something to Boast About

The village, which is on both sides of the old Great North Road, is populated almost solely by ex-patients, most of whom have settled down to spend their lives there.

They have their own stores, their cinema, their own churches, and even a "local." Some of the buildings were designed by ex-patients.

There are five factories in the village, and most of the workers are people who have recovered from severe breakdowns. To-day they work under what are considered model conditions, particular care being taken with such problems as ventilation.

Years ago those ex-patients would have been little more than invalids. To-day they are able to be busy, working on the war effort. Their health record is remarkable; no village child has ever yet contracted a chest disease.

The Restless Sitter

MAX SOKOL, the refugee German sculptor, has been busy on a bust of Cyril Joad, the man who has popularised Plato.

Sokol has a big reputation in Berlin, but had to flee after Hitler came into power. He has exhibited regularly in Britain, and a Mother and Child of his, done during the big air raids, and inspired by the Tube shelterers, attracted a lot of attention.

Joad is a tough subject. When I called on him a few mornings ago he was busy correcting proofs of a new books, dictating letters, and answering the telephone. Sokol worked away patiently.

His bust, unfinished when I saw it, is a vigorous, informal work.

Milking the Public

I THINK I WAS the first to draw attention to the sudden upsurge of begging on the streets of Central London.

Now the matter has been aired in Parliament. An inquiry is to be held on the whole subject.

Just before Christmas the nuisance became worse than ever. Bands of "musicians" (?) strolled the gutters, and ex-Servicemen of dubious standing did a good business.

There is absolutely no need for any of this. Most of these men are nothing but small racketeers, battening on the generosity of puzzled American Servicemen, and milking the kindly and now prosperous public.

Priestley in the Dark

THERE IS NO TRUTH at all, according to Michael Balcon, the man who made it, in the story that the new British film "They Came to a City" has been banned on political grounds.

The position is quite simple. The film is a very good one, and is based on J. B. Priestley's play. It has been made by Ealing Studios, Britain's best independent producers, but it has not been booked by any of the big film groups.

This means that it does not get a West End showing, as the available central London theatres are all owned by circuits.

Balcon is trying to lease a theatre to give it a West End show.

Will the Ladies Talk ?

AMONG THE OTHER people who have had a good story to tell, and have systematically refrained from telling it, I include the Admiralty.

The Navy never had an organised Press service before the war, and it has viewed most propaganda with horror ever since.

High officials have made a god of Security and have sacrificed publicity to it. This is a pity. A good story is always the better for being told.

Now there have been changes high up in Admiralty House. A new Chief of Naval Information has been introduced. This may imply an official change of heart.

A woman colleague is wondering whether this change will eventually percolate through to the W.R.N.S. Of all Services the ladies' Navy is the most secretive.

A Don in Whitehall

ANOTHER ORGANISATION which is likely to enjoy a change of heart very soon is the Civil Service. The appointment of Algernon Paul Sinker as their Director of Training and Education is only one of several post-war developments now being considered.

Mr. Sinker is a Cambridge Don, now working in Whitehall, wartime home of so many dons.

His job is not to recruit new members to the Service, but to train and educate those already in it.

In private life Mr. Sinker has two hobbies; his four children and mountaineering. For some reason mountain climbing seems to be a favourite of Varsity professors, perhaps because they are among a few people who have leisure for it.

The Gordon Boys

ANOTHER MOUNTAINEER is in the news. Lt.-Colonel Graham Seton Hutchison, the soldier-author, is shortly leaving for Egypt. He is touring the Middle East and will be at Khartoum on January 26, the sixtieth anniversary of the day when General Gordon fell there.

Colonel Hutchison is the right man to be present at any ceremony commemorating the event, for he has recently published a book on Gordon and the Gordon Boys, whose School is a living memorial to one of Britain's greatest soldiers.

More than 5,500 boys have gone through the School, and more than one-third of them subsequently entered the Services. To-day Colonel Hutchison is leading a Diamond Jubilee appeal on behalf of the School.

Argument

SHOULD TIPPING BE ABOLISHED?

Do you find it a trial or a pleasure? Is it a social evil? Here are the arguments for and against ending it

against

1. A tip is a gift. Do you say: "We ought to abolish giving"?

2. In duties involving personal service the little extra trouble makes all the difference. Tipping is a graceful acknowledgment of this fact.

3. There are three sorts of people who don't like tipping: the mean, the cranks, the socially inept.

4. It is true you meet the ostentatious tipper, the man who bribes to get more than his share, and the employee who manœuvres to extort a tip. But these are the exceptions. Tipping, in general, works perfectly well.

5. When wages are low because of the probability of tipping, the jobs are fought for eagerly. You won't cure low wages by abolishing tips.

6. All men are equals? Not a bit of it. You may think they ought to be, but for the present let us face the facts.

7. Attempts to abolish tips, either by prohibition, or by adding to the bill "10 per cent. for service," are always a failure, proof that, as things are, tipping fills some definite need.

for

1. "Here, take this, my man." "Thank'ee kindly, sir." Do you really like the sound of that?

2. What place is there to-day for this relic of feudal servitude?

3. Tips are given chiefly because of swank, under pressure of fear, or as a bribe for preferential treatment. Only rarely are they given out of true gratitude.

4. Added to a proper wage, a tip is unnecessary. Added to a starvation wage, it buttresses a social evil.

5. The need to earn tips makes many a decent man a cadger.

6. Watch the head waiter at a good hotel (he's making a thousand a year and is worth twenty thousand), bowing as he accepts a pound note from a young officer who wants to impress his girl but doesn't know where his next pound is coming from. If that degrading farce doesn't show you the futility of tipping, nothing will.

7. The man who buys fake servility and the man who sells it are both the worse for the transaction, and the social system in which this sorry bargain is struck day in, day out, is rotten to the core.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to readers. I hope you all had a lovely Christmas, with plenty of mock-spam and Empire-type British port.

If you did not give way to gluttony by eating your egg, here is a home hint: save the egg for throwing when the Election comes along.

When the Boys Come Home

PLANS ARE ALREADY made for welcoming home troops on leave from the Western Front. A N.A.A.F.I. official has said: "Our part will come later on when the boys will be feeling a bit dejected at leave's end. We will help dispel the gloom of those last hours."

Gloom is about right. But trust good old N.A.A.F.I. to do its bit. Cigarettes will probably be reduced by

Professor Weed, the giant brain of science, has evolved a plan for training apes to do bomb damage repairs so as to free zoo keepers for the Forces

a halfpenny for fifty, and an extra teaspoonful of tea will be put into each two-gallon urn. There will be piles and piles of sandwiches filled to the edges with invisible meat paste.

My investigators also tell me that it is hoped to bring back from the Continent some of the beer that was never sent there.

Conversation Piece

"OF COURSE we must have an Election immediately peace is declared. Dammit, with all this dilly-dallying people will forget who won the war for them. If I had my way, I'd hold the Election as part of the peace celebrations."

"But . . ."

"And I'd make it compulsory for all Conservative candidates to be V.C.s, D.F.C.s, D.S.O.s, and so on. Then people could elect them for bravery without bothering about politics."

"But . . ."

"Besides, if we let a long time go by between the end of the war and an Election, people will have stopped feeling patriotic. As I said to Fothergill the other day, if we're not ready for an Election yet, we must keep the war going until we are."

French for Troops

Yes—*Oui.* No—*Non.*

Perhaps—*Peut-être.*

Where is the pen of my aunt?—*Où est la plume de ma tante?*

Will you go for a walk with me?—*Voulez-vous walkie avec moi?*

I want a lot of beer—*Je voulez bière. No, BIERE not Byrrh, helluva beaucoup bière.*

Show me the way to go home—*Showez-moi la route pour stagger chez moi.*

WHAT PEOPLE TELL THEIR M.P.

Here is what happens when you write to your M.P. Your letter may need only a short reply or it may lead to a question in the House—but it will be dealt with carefully by consultation with various Ministers whose reports may cover several pages of typescript

by DAVID J. MURPHY

EVERY WEEKDAY MORNING, when most of us are having breakfast, a Post Office van drives in under the shadow of Big Ben to the Houses of Parliament, and delivers one of the world's most varied daily collections of mail. The letters that go to make up your M.P.'s postbag have arrived.

The total of letters in that Parliamentary postbag averages 2,000 a day, five days a week, and by the time the House assembles those letters are sorted, and set out in readiness for arriving M.P.s, by the special staff of Post Office officials whose job it is to handle Members' mail.

It is these Post Office men, too, who see that your letter, addressed to "A. B. C.," Esq., M.P., House of Commons, S.W.1," reaches the Member even if he is hundreds of miles away. Whenever he is absent from the House a Member leaves his address with these Post Office men and all letters are carefully forwarded.

And what an assorted postbag that morning mail is—a postbag that reflects the hopes and cares and fears of thousands of men and women from every walk of life.

But how many of us ever stop to realise that the M.P.'s postbag is, in the truest sense, one of the most important elements in our domestic way of life. Yet it is.

Through your M.P.—your elected representative in the ordering of the nation's affairs—you have access to the highest Ministers of the Crown, and the right to put any case that may concern you before them.

Doing Good Behind the Scenes

There are some people who tend to judge an M.P.'s usefulness solely by what he says in the House But the frequent making of speeches is no criterion.

The conscientious M.P. who makes very few speeches may do more good behind the scenes than the Member who is always in the news—and the basis of that conscientious work is the M.P.'s postbag.

There is not much point in criticising Parliament and M.P.s in general if you make no effort to acquaint them with your views and problems. While the war and its many difficulties have doubled the Parliamentary postbag in the last few years, we still take very small advantage of this priceless democratic privilege.

M.P.s in a year receive some 500,000 letters—or about one for every 60 voters!

Perhaps one reason why we do not make more use of the M.P.'s postbag is that we do not realise just what power an M.P. has. Yet your M.P. is the guardian of your liberties, and behind him is ranged the tradition and authority of the House of Commons.

A Serviceman sentenced to detention by court-martial can, for instance, communicate with his M.P. and lay all the facts before him.

A man or woman detained under 18B can insist on writing to his or her Member—and any official who tries to stand in the way of free communication between constituent and Member does so at his peril.

And do not imagine that M.P.s regard letters from constituents as a nuisance. Here is what one M.P. has to say on the subject:

"Most of us would welcome more letters because they reflect what the public are thinking, and no M.P. can do his job properly unless he is in continuous close touch with public opinion."

How He Deals with Letters

Nor is there any justification for the cynical suggestion that M.P.s only deal with letters—and reluctantly at that—because they have an eye on votes in some future election. M.P.s have a higher conception of their public duties than such cynics imagine.

On receiving a letter of complaint, your M.P. usually takes it direct to the Minister in charge of the Government Department concerned, and asks for a report on the case. You might be surprised at the detailed attention that Ministers give to such cases.

A report on the case covering two closely typed foolscap pages is quite common, and if an injustice has been done you can be quite certain that the Minister will hasten to put it right.

If you are wondering why a Minister should pay such attention to an ordinary M.P., the answer is that the dissatisfied Member always has another avenue

R. G. Strauss, M.P., keeps in touch with public opinion personally as well as through his post-bag

of approach—that uniquely British institution which we know as Question Time.

In no other Parliament in the world can the highest Minister of the Government be called upon to make an appearance and answer M.P.s' questions.

At Question Time—the hour which immediately follows the prayers with which each sitting begins—the searing light of publicity can be played on injustices, and many a Minister, to say nothing of the officials in his Department, has been made to squirm under questioning from persistent M.P.s.

Now take a look at some of the letters which swell the ordinary M.P.'s postbag. About one-quarter of them are of no general interest, for they are personal expressions of opinion on a huge variety of topics, along with a small percentage of anonymous communications. The latter go straight into the salvage sack.

But the remaining three-quarters can keep an M.P. busy all day behind the scenes, and they give a bird's-eye view of the kind of problems with which most of us have to deal these days. The letters are actual specimens from the mail received by several M.P.s one morning recently.

"I am being absolutely bombarded with requests for Christmas turkeys," a butcher constituent wrote to his Member, "but owing to a Ministry of Food zoning Order I cannot get supplies."

The butcher then went on to describe how the Order affected him, and ended by asking the M.P. to do something about it. Within the hour the Member was chatting with the Minister of Food, and arrangements were made to see that the butcher would get his share of the available supplies.

A Farmer's Field

Next is a letter from a farmer who has had a field requisitioned by the Army for use as a gun-site. The farmer did not mind that, but he had quite a lot to say about the rent which the War Office proposed to pay for the use of the field.

It was so very much less than he could earn by cultivating the field and growing a crop on it.

The M.P. saw the Minister of War and the Minister of Agriculture, and was able to write to the farmer and tell him that a surveyor would be calling to see him with a view to straightening things out.

The third letter—a very long one—came from a printer who found himself well and truly ensnared in red tape. In order to cope with a Government printing order he had to buy an extra machine, and having found a very suitable second-hand one not far from his own works, he proceeded to buy it.

Then the fun started He had broken the law. All would have been well had the machine been ready to move, but it had been bolted to the floor of the works from which he bought it, and according to the regulations he should first have obtained a licence before moving it. But his worries were eventually smoothed out.

The next letter was one which the Member could not deal with. It came from a soldier elector in the Middle East, who was nearly worried to death by letters from a relative alleging that his wife was being unfaithful. Would the Member make some inquiries and let the writer know the true state of affairs in his home?

But M.P.s never interfere in matters that are rightly the concern of clergyman, lawyer or doctor. So, in this case, the M.P. passed the soldier's letter on to a clergyman in his constituency—a great-hearted Christian who had handled many personal cases.

The sequel is interesting. The clergyman saw the soldier's wife, and was quickly convinced that the allegations were completely unfounded. He immediately wrote a long letter to the soldier, explaining that his wife was absolutely blameless.

Cost of Correspondence

But that was not all. The clergyman then went to see the accusing relative, and gave her about the most uncomfortable quarter of an hour that she had ever experienced!

There is, however, another side to the problem of the M.P.'s postbag, and it concerns a principle in which we should all be interested. Many M.P.s, while welcoming your letters and looking forward to receiving them in even larger numbers, are faced with a difficulty that needs prompt solution.

One constituent's letter may entail much other correspondence before it can be answered fully, and there may be business matters in addition.

Many a Member has only his Parliamentary salary on which to live. If he is to cope with his postbag conscientiously a busy Member will have to reckon on spending something like £75 a year on postages alone, and, in order to get through his correspondence, needs secretarial help. But if he has to foot the bill for this help out of his own pocket, he is left with a salary smaller than that earned by most workers to-day.

So M.P.s are not unreasonable in suggesting that their letters should go through the post without charge, and that a pool of competent secretarial helpers should be available to deal with mail.

When peace returns, the public will have many questions to put to M.P.s—but those questions will become an almost intolerable burden for many Members unless they get help.

We ought not to grudge them that assistance, It is in our own best interests. Nothing should be allowed to threaten the value and usefulness of your M.P.'s postbag, for it is one of the bulwarks of democracy.

Human Machine

SOME OTHER TIME!

ANY DAY, ANYWHERE, you can see people feverishly searching for new remedies for old ills—ills of the body, the mind, the spirit.

They rarely find them. Most of the "cures" merely aggravate the disease. And the pathetic part of it is that the real remedies are nearly always not only handy, but unnoticed or despised.

Strange what hypocrites we can be to ourselves! "Try this," says someone. "Some other time," we answer, "we're busy just now." What we mean is that we're lazy just now, but we haven't the pluck or the honesty to say so.

If we were really honest we should admit that the remedies we refuse to try are not those we have tried and found wanting, but those we have found difficult and therefore left untried.

We know that if we want a good memory the only thing to do is to practise remembering. We've always meant to begin, but—some other time! We know that if we wish to learn to concentrate the only remedy is to practise concentrating: but some other time when we're not so busy. . . .!

Some other time. . . .! It is the motto of nearly every failure who has wanted success without making the least effort to gain it. Few people fail, though many are failures. There's a big difference. You may try and not succeed—and that's one thing. But if you're a failure, it's nearly always because you have not only left undone what you ought to have done, but because you haven't even tried to do the things you wanted to do.

Germans Sustain a Siege in France

by Paris-born VICTOR SCHIFF who knows the Germans—as a marked anti-Nazi he escaped them a second time in June, 1940, when France fell

IT WILL SURPRISE many to hear that there are still about 100,000 Germans holding out in several large pockets scattered all along the French Atlantic Coast.

St. Nazaire, Nantes, La Rochelle, Lorient and Bordeaux are still either occupied or blocked by the Germans.

From the point of view of the Allied grand strategy this is not as serious as it sounds. There are enough serviceable ports in the West, especially since the Scheldt estuary was cleared of the enemy, for the needs of the Allied armies on the real battle-front.

Yet these pockets are a constant source of irritation to the French people. It is not only the fact that the invader still holds parts of their national territory which annoys them, but also the conviction that many of their economic worries might be lessened if the Atlantic ports were freed for imports of foodstuffs from their colonies.

You might ask, why don't the French themselves clear them out?

They are eager to do so, but they need arms. The Germans have tanks, heavy guns, pill-boxes and all that is required for sustaining a prolonged siege.

Fanatics Fight Well

They have received fresh supplies of munitions, food, and even officers and men. These are brought either by transport 'planes flying by night from Germany or Northern Italy, or by U-boats which arrive from Norway round Ireland.

Sometimes German tanks perform tip-and-run raids from their pockets into the open countryside in order to pillage food from villages and farms.

Nearly all these 100,000 men are S.S. fanatics who are not likely to give up unless they must.

The French forces are mostly F.F.I. of the former local Maquis. They are poorly equipped and not well clad for the winter. They have mainly machine-guns, Sten guns, and some mortars.

They have few French fighting 'planes for reconnoitring and patrolling purposes, perhaps a limited number of anti-tank guns with small quantities of ammunition, but nothing which would enable them to launch a real offensive.

French Irritation Rising

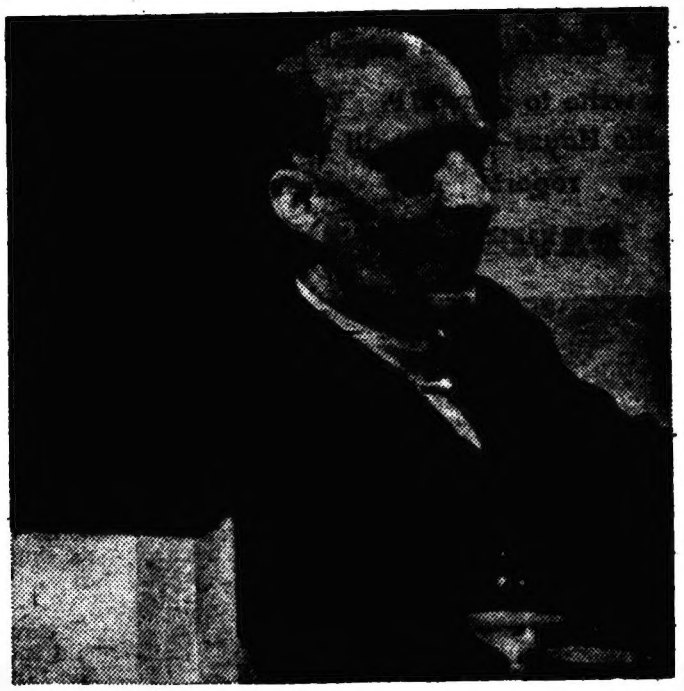
Two months ago General Marshall came over from Washington to Paris to discuss the needs of the main Allied front against Germany with General Eisenhower.

The French Minister of War, M. Diethelm, saw him and pleaded for some heavy guns and tanks to be diverted to the Atlantic front in order to finish off these pockets.

According to a statement made afterwards by M. Diethelm, the response was not very encouraging. The needs of the main front in Lorraine and the Rhineland were considered far more important.

The position on the Atlantic has not changed, but the French irritation about their "forgotten front" has increased.

Yet let us hope that the moment will come soon when the Allied General Staff will decide that supplies of arms and munitions can be safely diverted to the Atlantic coast, so as to heal quickly these sores on the body of our long-suffering French ally.



The President of the Board of Trade

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P.,

President, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. DALTON,—Who, in this coming year of grace and victory, can resist the appeal of the mother and the cry of the child? Mothers tell me that you—they mean your Department—are heartless, utterly callous to the needs of the children born unhappily into a war-riven Britain.

That is silly But when a mother writes me: "Can you get a little help for the babies born between 1940 and 1944?" all I can do is to put her case to you, and hope that you will react humanly to her appeal.

"I lost my first baby," she says, "after twenty-four hours of life—war conditions. My second kiddy, blind in one eye, cleft palate and undeveloped nose and throat. Thank God third baby is perfect."

A few simple words, Mr. Dalton, but how expressive and poignant they are. And how much better they tell the story of what the mothers of Britain have undergone in the past five years.

These women who have worked, suffered and sacrificed—and borne children in the horrible stress of war, don't ask a great deal. They want decent prams, a plentiful supply of rubber teats, better quality clothes for their babies, and better facilities in maternity wards.

They complain that the State, though asking for more babies, makes the pain and ordeal of childbirth more intolerable, through the State's lack of provision of decent clothes, and other things essential to the upbringing of a child.

You can put this right. You have the power to ease the burden sitting so heavily to-day on the mothers of Britain. You can play the rôle of godfather to the children whose health is so vital to the nation's future.

Relax a little and make a New Year present to the Mothers of Britain.—JOHN BULL.

Major S. W. Humphrey,

Mayor of Lowestoft

DEAR MAJOR,—Once I thought that seaside places were built to bring to tired faces, happy smiles and healthy joys, making old men feel like boys.

Your council—has it *mal-de-mer*?—turns down a plan for a fun-fair. Now Grundy's got you on the run, please keep the wicked from their fun.

That seems to be the council's theme, to keep our pleasures just a dream. Pity they can't place out of reach, the town's one pleasure place—the beach.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. Kenneth C. Scott,

Vicar, Church of the Ascension, Balham

DEAR VICAR,—Christian charity is a great thing, but it should begin at home. Brotherly love is a cardinal virtue, but it is no use if it is one-sided.

The Church has a duty to extol and to practise those virtues. But your suggestion that we should drop on Germany gifts of food and clothing carrying messages: "With love from Britain," is faintly funny. Even more stupid is your plea that we should offer the Germans *all* our help to rebuild their country.

Wouldn't the Nazis like that—a chance to rebuild for another war, a chance to swindle Europe again, to erect a pious façade of peace and good fellowship to veil their preparations for a struggle even more fiendish than this one?

If we have food and clothing to spare, let's drop it on the Greeks, the Poles, the Czechs, the Dutch, the Belgians. And as for rebuilding, well, there's plenty to do in your own Balham.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. Willink, M.P.,

Minister of Health

DEAR MR. WILLINK,—If Cabinet Ministers do make New Year resolutions—and I suppose they do, being human—may I suggest that you pledge yourself to do something for the 2,000 children in and around Doncaster whose lives are a reproach to Society?

They are dirty, underfed and neglected. But because there are no homes where they can be properly looked after, magistrates are loath to convict the parents for their sins.

Your Ministry is responsible for providing such homes. And if your officials were zealous and efficient, no child in Britain should be denied the right to be brought up decently and wholesomely.

All the blame does not attach to your Department. The Home Office and the Education Ministry are also involved. This inter-lapping—one of the curses of our system of Government—breeds a reluctance to accept responsibility. But in the meantime, child-life is going to waste, not only in Doncaster, but elsewhere. Please end this evil.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. Lucille Kime,

British Corset Expert

DEAR MADAM,—Women are going to show great interest in you this year. Because you, as the only woman on the Board of Trade's corset advisory panel, can do so much for them.

I'm told that the rubbishy stuff sold as utility garments is worth neither the money nor the coupons. In this war, women's personal sacrifices in the way of commodities and semi-luxuries have been much greater than men's

Isn't it time they were able to buy something worthy of their figures?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P.,

Home Secretary

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—If you could spare the time to visit at night a road-side café or two and listen to the talk of long-distance lorry drivers, you might be surprised at their chief—and almost incessant—topic.

And if you could be prevailed upon to spend a night in the cab of a lorry as it roars through the darkness, you would undoubtedly agree that the drivers' grievance over headlight restrictions is justified.

For five years now these men have borne willingly the strain of keeping Britain's road transport functioning efficiently through *blitzes* and bad weather, always without adequate lights to guide them through the dark.

Now they feel that the restrictions should be modified and that security reasons no longer exist for the retention of all restrictions.

Already Service vehicles and many motorists are defying the law by driving without masks on headlamps. Lorry drivers can't do that—or risk their jobs by doing so.

All they want is light in their darkness. Can you make that light possible and throw these fine workers a few rays of comfort?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir James Grigg, M.P.,

Secretary for War

DEAR SIR JAMES,—So unusual a grievance from the Army has reached me that I pass it on to you as quickly as I can. I am told that there is considerable unrest among our younger soldiers at men over thirty, some even over thirty-five, being sent to the Tropics while they (the younger ones) stay at home.

These men with a grievance feel that there are enough young soldiers in Britain, fit enough to stand the climate, who could take the place of the older ones. So do I.

The lads in their twenties are ready to serve in place of their older comrades. Why aren't their wishes studied? But perhaps that's a foolish question. Whitehall rarely studies the poor old Tommy.—JOHN BULL.

SECRET SERVICE IN ACTION

DONALD STOKES continues his series, "Spies—the Facts." In this instalment he reveals how Allied mathematicians have broken enemy ciphers—an acute problem in the Far Eastern war, where hundreds of languages help the Japanese

JOINT MEETING BETWEEN liaison officers of the three Intelligence Directorates are in almost continual session in London. Their task is to see that the stream of information collected by the Services is co-ordinated for the Planning Staffs.

When an operation is planned Intelligence is required not merely for one operation. The changes have to be rung on twenty, thirty or even more alternatives. The commander of each fighting unit must have these alternatives, ready down to the smallest detail, to be used if an emergency plan becomes necessary.

Take the Paratroop landing at Arnhem as an example. All the hazards were calculated in advance by Intelligence staffs, who worked out scores of possible contingencies and combinations of circumstances, so that the brilliant attempt to shorten the war by months would probably have been a success had not the weather suddenly changed and dislocated the dropping of supplies. Even then, it was the careful collection of facts beforehand by Intelligence which rendered possible the rescue of so many of the heroes of Arnhem.

Riddle of the Cottages

Let us look in at a typical meeting of the Intelligence liaison officers.

The lights beat down on to a square table on which is spread one of the stereo-comparograph maps I described last week. The officers sit round it, each with his own sheaf of reports and photographs. The presiding officer takes over by rota.

"We'll have to hurry with Plan Nineteen-Blue," he says. "There's a lot to do before it's operative. What news from you, Air?"

The Air Intelligence officer produces a number of aerial photographs. "Jerry doesn't seem to be worrying much about Hill X," he says, naming a landmark in the Siegfried Line. "Our recco doesn't show much activity there. They seem to have lain doggo ever since we first started a regular patrol over the area after D-Day."

"Funny," says Military, "we have reliable reports from inside" (he means from inside Germany), "that heavy battery units are being drafted to that area."

"Yet there aren't any batteries," says Air. "The Interpretation Unit has been over the place with mirror stereoscopes and colour photos to spot camouflage. They've drawn blank. Only one thing puzzles me, though. It's those cottages on the hillside. They don't seem to cultivate their gardens. They seem just a mass of grass."

The others look at Navy. "Here's a pretty good selection," he says, passing round his holiday snaps which have been sent in by the public. "Let's have a look at those cottages," he continues, flipping through his pile of A.P.L. half-plates. Suddenly he pauses. "Hullo, I don't see any cottages in any of these snaps."

"You're right," says Army. "When was the latest snap taken?"

Navy looks on the backs. "Summer of 1942. There were no cottages then. Just blank hillside."

Army chimes in. "We're on to something here. All these cottages are in an ideal position for long-range batteries. I think we'd better have another look at 'em."

A few hours later a low-level reconnaissance is made of the "cottages," which prove to be cunningly concealed batteries. That holiday snap has probably saved the lives of many hundreds of men.

What a Mistake Entails

This smooth pooling of Intelligence has been achieved only by bitter experience. At the beginning of the war the three Services pursued their lines of inquiry almost independently.

American Intelligence officers are present at the joint meetings, and there are other officers who link up with the broad strategic planning of Supreme Headquarters.

Intelligence (G2) is the second of the five main sections of Supreme Headquarters organisation (the others are: Personnel G1, Operations G3, Supply G4, and Civil Affairs G.5. In the British Army Intelligence is one of the four main divisions.

I described last week how communications are one of the greatest handicaps of our Intelligence Services, owing to the vast area over which the war is fought against enemies who have comparatively compact, short lines of supply and communication. This has meant that a double burden is imposed on the Directors of Intelligence. They have to ensure not only that their tactical sections, strung out all over the globe, probe out the enemy's secret. They have also to see that the facts are brought safely and in complete secrecy to the strategic pooling-centres of Eisenhower, Mountbatten, and MacArthur.

This fact has made the Cryptography Sections of the Services occupy a paramount place in Intelligence organisation. Trained cryptographers have until very recently been one of our greatest needs. The vital messages bearing news of the enemy's moves have to come through the bottleneck of ciphers and need skilled men to unravel them.

The Security Sections of our Intelligence have had to be on continual guard against any slip which would inform the eager enemy of our ciphers.

I can reveal now that shortly before one of our offensives was due to start a radio officer sent out a short message in cipher giving new details of the plans. A few minutes later, by an oversight, he sent the original message as it was before being turned into cipher.

Intelligence Security took immediate action. It had that entire cipher system scrapped, and a new one substituted. This was an immense process, involving the sending of thousands of messages, also in cipher. All this had to be done before a single military message could be radiated to our commanders, for the danger was that all our plans would be revealed to the enemy, who probably had the complete cipher "broken down" as a result of the clue we had given him.

In the dangerously small space of time before the offensive was due, our communications were opened again and our attack was carried through with complete success.

He Danced before the Gestapo

Our Intelligence is confronted by a prodigious difficulty in "breaking" the ciphers of the enemy. This is particularly so in the Asiatic war, where our opponents can use any of the hundreds of languages known only to a handful of Europeans. In India alone there are 586 dialects and languages. There are more than 50,000 characters in Japanese writing, but even the average Japanese knows only 7,000 of them.

In cryptography, Britain and America have made rapid strides, under the forcing pressure of necessity. Our mathematicians have evolved new formulæ to help us in the breaking of enemy ciphers.

A code-breaking section at work is one of the most exciting spectacles of war. The officers sit in rows at desks, each of which has a revolving wheel, marked off with numerals and letters, which he twirls to check his calculations. The wheel can form illimitable combinations with other letters and numerals on the stationary rim.

From an underground room in the War Office, members of the A.T.S. send out messages by teleprinter that co-ordinate communications on distant battlefields

Details of Intelligence work with pigeons are still secret, but the birds held a fine record in the last war likely to be excelled in this one

Other officers work on blackboards with chalk, crossing out permutations and trying again with infinite patience. The tension when a code is nearing the "break" is like the second half of a Cup Final.

Major-General Davidson, Director of Military Intelligence until D-Day, found that one of his most difficult tasks was to keep in regular touch with the Patriot organisations of our conquered Allies in Europe. Here cryptography was of no use, nor, of course, were the elaborate communications of Britain and America possible. I can give no indication of how our Intelligence Services overcome our difficulties, but it is interesting to note that in the last war we had regular patrols of airmen who dropped pigeons in cases to Patriots, and we also dropped transmitting-sets complete with 400-volt dry batteries and 5-yard aerials.

The Intelligence brought to us by pigeons alone was remarkable. Colonel Walther Nicolai, the German espionage chief in the last war, revealed afterwards that the Kaiser's troops shot down many of these carrier-pigeons winging back to the Allied lines; each pigeon was carrying information which, though obviously written by an amateur spy, was of considerable military value.

Willingness to experiment has brought us rich dividends in the Intelligence war, particularly in those areas where flexible methods and quick thinking have been called for. In Military Intelligence, the men who "worked" Greece and Yugoslavia, before our landings there, were known as the "dagger and cloak boys," because of their melodramatic adventures. It was commonplace for these men to live and work right among the German occupiers, and on the occasions when they were discovered they had to make some escapes which might have come straight out of a boys' magazine.

Once, the *Auslands Gestapo*, the élite corps of counter-espionage, in which Himmler had enrolled thousands of quislings, was searching for one of our Intelligence men, who, fortunately, had been warned. He dressed as a girl, and actually clashed a cymbal at a peasant open-air dance under the nose of the chief German hunting for him.

Team Work Shook Rommel

In the main, however, our Intelligence comes from a co-ordinated stream from the three Services, by the scientific means I have dealt with in previous weeks. The best example of this teamwork was in the location of the German headquarters in Normandy before D-Day. Because of repeated R.A.F. attacks, Rommel had switched his headquarters several times.

Military Intelligence reported that he had made his new centre in a group of buildings outside Rennes. A rush call was made to Naval Intelligence for the ground photos which would give clues to where and how to attack the building. There were many holiday snaps in the Naval Intelligence files, showing a twisting road through woods which led up to the buildings. Finally, Air Intelligence compared the Navy ground snaps with their own reconnaissance photos, and were able to pick out key spots to bomb.

A few days before the invasion Rommel had to make another hurried move, because of our bombs, and his whole organisation was thrown out of gear.

NEXT WEEK:
GREAT SECRET SERVICE STORIES OF THE WAR.

Hannen Swaffer Talks

ABOUT PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

AS SEEN BY GILBERT WILKINSON

THE AMAZING achievement of A. E. Matthews—at the age of seventy-five!—in nearly saving, by comedy skill worthy of the late Charles Hawtrey, "Another Love Story," the new Lonsdale play, recalls particularly to my mind one of many stories of his perpetual youth.

When, in the last war, Matty played juvenile lead, with Laurette Taylor, in "Peg o' My Heart," a recruiting officer called on the manager and demanded, "Why isn't he in the Army?"

Made fun of, he sent for a military escort to arrest the actor, but was finally persuaded to let him finish his performance.

Then Matthews, whose humour is irrepressible, infuriated the pompous officer by saying he had lost his papers, how he was always losing everything, and how he had even lost his season ticket. He rambled on and on.

Then, tired of the officer's show of authority, he said calmly, "Why, you idiot, I'm nearly fifty years old!"

He was!

Wells Attacks Churchill

ANOTHER VETERAN—H. G. Wells—has proved his everlasting vigour by demanding, because of the Greek mess, "Churchill must go!" He ended a violent article with the words, "If we do not end Winston, Winston will end us."

Lord Strabolgi went no further than to declare, in Trafalgar Square, "If this is the price we have to pay for Churchill's domination, the price is becoming too high."

But Wells, who, at the age of 78, has been ill for months, was virile enough to accuse the Premier of having an ideology that was "a pitiful jumble of incoherent nonsense."

Shaw, in the late autumn of his days, has mellowed like the leaves: Wells is sometimes as bitter as an approaching winter.

Veteran of the '90's

WHO COULD HAVE BELIEVED, hearing H. N. Brailsford at the "Hands off Greece" demonstration, that it was half a century ago that he fought with the Greeks in the war for the liberation of Crete from the Turks? Only when injustice angers him does he lose a profound gentleness of mien that has grown with his years.

"I feel I am speaking for all my 1,400 comrades in that other International Brigade," he said. "Yes, even for those whom we left lying dead in the rocky fastnesses and the mountain snows.

"Once again Greece is battling for her freedom."

"How is Brailsford?" asked Walter Nash, now Finance Minister of New Zealand, when last we met. "As a youth I learned from his writings much that inspired me."

"He still battles on," I said.

De Gaulle's Triumph

HOW IRONICAL it seems, now, that it was only at the very last moment that Whitehall and Washington recognised de Gaulle! Before, both had cold-shouldered and even insulted him.

France, under his leadership, has united for the first time for years. "Resistance" is following him. Reconstruction is going ahead.

The Parisian newspapers have been cleared of all their former pro-Fascist crooks, to whose ownership they will never return. The Renault works and the Pas de Calais coalfields are nationalised. Vast reforms are promised.

Only the old collaborationists and the grafters in the black markets complain. Even the extreme Left seems satisfied. There comes from Communists only a faint criticism that their representation in the all-Party Government is not large enough.

I hope de Gaulle will not, in the future, misuse his great chance.

Government by Force

YET, IN BELGIUM, we support Pierlot, the pre-war Premier, instead of the Resistance Movement, using British troops to keep him in power.

"France has thrown in her hand," said Pierlot in June, 1940. "We shall give up the struggle with her."

Then he lived here, in safety, while the resisters organised in Belgium, fought most bravely in 1942, and, after D-Day, saved the valuable port of Antwerp for the Allies.

Then, what has happened in Athens happened in Brussels.

"Disarm," we said to the resisters, while allowing reactionaries to recruit an armed militia.

Churchill's policy of supporting "stable governments" looked well on paper. But it is losing us millions of friends all over Europe.

The Latest About Monty

THE LIBERAL who told me, some weeks ago, that Montgomery wanted to join his party after the war, was a very well-informed man.

But now there comes from Paris the equally apocryphal story that Monty has offered to join the Tories—and promised them, if he does, to take with him 3,000,000 votes!

"But I thought Monty recently belonged to the I.L.P.," I remarked, when I heard.

"The I.L.P.?"

"Yes, the Italian landing party!"

The Man Who Forgot

WHAT'S BECOME OF George Arliss?" an American soldier asked me. "Is he still alive?"

"As a matter of fact," I replied, "I heard of him last night. My tobacconist told me he called in to ask, 'Where is the Criterion Theatre?'"

I suppose the veteran—he is seventy-six—had never been in it since he left England, in 1901, to act with Mrs. Pat Campbell in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

When I first met him, on his return in 1923, I chaffed him about his anti-meat views and his objection to blood sports. Yet, in a few years, I was sharing his platform, denouncing cruelty to animals!

PORTRAITS—No. 6

ANTHONY

Hollywood wanted to make him a "leading man" Now, still young at forty-seven, he is Leader of the House of Commons and is tipped as a future Prime Minister

"MR. CHURCHILL and a host of other people," said Mr. Malcolm MacDonald recently, "regard Mr. Eden as the next Prime Minister." Given a Tory majority in the next Parliament, it is a safe tip. There is, indeed, no one else visible in the race.

Superficially, the fact is surprising. Is it possible, we ask, that this correct and conventional figure is destined to succeed that cataract of a man who dominates Parliament to-day?

When, in the Napoleonic wars, Addington for a brief space succeeded Pitt as Prime Minister, it was said that "Pitt is to Addington as London is to Paddington." And one might be tempted to say that Churchill is to Eden as the Atlantic is to a millpond.

It would be misleading, but not grotesque. Eden is rich in the quiet virtues that Churchill so conspicuously lacks.

He was never imperious or rebellious. He was never an anxiety to masters or parents. He was a model boy at school (Eton) and a model undergraduate at Christ Church.

He learned his lessons, observed the rules, was decorous in conduct, and discovered a conspicuous talent for modern languages.

He was not aggressive or pushful, made no splash at the Union, was guilty of no extravagances, gave the world no fireworks.

Hollywood's Ideal

Everything he did was seemly and ordinary. When the Kaiser's war came (he was 17) he joined the King's Royal Rifles, was captain at 21, won the M.C. and served to the end of the war.

When at 27 he entered Parliament for Warwick he was chiefly remarked on for his good looks, his urbane demeanour and his excellent tailoring.

He was so much the typical, reserved English aristocrat that on an early visit to the United States it is said he was offered "a job as a leading man in that rôle" at Hollywood.

That I daresay is an invention, but it is in the spirit of the piece. This is all commonplace, you say.

Yet at 38 he was the youngest Foreign Minister there had been for a century, and the centre of the greatest battle that ever raged in our Foreign Office. And as that battle gives the clue to Eden's qualities of character I shall devote my space to it.

It was Baldwin who had marked him out as a coming man, and it was as Parliamentary Secretary to Austen Chamberlain that he had served his apprenticeship to foreign affairs.

But the clouds were now thickening all over the sky—in China, in Abyssinia, most alarmingly over Germany. The immediate danger was Mussolini.

His career of rapine, red ruin and the breaking up of laws was now in full blast.

With Hitler and Matsuoaka he had sabotaged the League and was ravaging Abyssinia and claiming the hegemony of the Mediterranean.

Desperate Choice

The collapse of the League was flagrant. Britain was wholly unprepared for war. It was the hour of disarmament, peace ballots and appeasement. France was rotten with corruption and in the hands of the traitor Laval, now secretly deep in his plots with both Mussolini and Hitler.

The Dictators were in the saddle and the Hoare-Laval Pact disclosed the bankruptcy of the democratic resistance.

But it shook the country out of its sleep. Anger blazed to the skies. Hoare fell before the storm and Anthony Eden took his place.

It was a desperate situation that faced him. Abyssinia was already hopelessly lost and the next adventure of the Dictators was imminent in Spain.

Eden was convinced that the whole fate of Europe was in the balance, that Germany, Italy, and Japan were committed to each other beyond recall, and that the chief object of their enmity was not, as they pretended, the U.S.S.R., but the British Empire. That was to be destroyed and apportioned among themselves.

He saw that our lack of vision and policy had discouraged and alienated our friends throughout the world. We had the terrifying prospect of France and ourselves, quite unprepared for war, being attacked by a combination of countries, bribed, munitioned and inspired by Germany.

The one hope, he believed, was immediate action. Countries in Europe which were on the brink of being forced into the Nazi orbit by fear could still, he believed, be won to the side of Britain and France if the flag of resistance to aggression was boldly hoisted.

But it was not hoisted. Eden dogged his leader with appeals to him to overawe his timorous colleagues and do something to stop the rot.

In vain. Baldwin was deep in the Abdication crisis and took refuge in drift. And every day the sky grew darker.

The Spanish crime was now in

Y EDEN

By A. G. GARDINER

Anthony Eden as seen by George Whitelaw

full career. The Non-Intervention Treaty was openly violated by Hitler and Mussolini. Palestine was in uproar, fomented by Mussolini. In every country the propaganda of Goebbels and Gayda was poisoning opinion against Britain.

Baldwin threw up the sponge. He resigned, and Neville Chamberlain succeeded him. Then came the crash.

His Chief Obstacle

Chamberlain had throughout been the chief obstacle to Eden in the Cabinet. He was a well-meaning man, but obstinate and ignorant.

He believed that he could buy off the Dictators with bribes. He turned his back on the Foreign Office and made a Board of Trade official his principal adviser.

Being quite honest and simple-minded himself, he could not conceive blackguardism like that of Mussolini, and he fell an easy prey to the ruffian.

Moreover, he had a lady relative in Rome who was quite convinced of the good faith of the blackguard. That the latter was slandering and bullying Britain daily was only his manner of showing his affection.

An incident will indicate Chamberlain's lamentable credulity. Grandi, then Italian Ambassador, was introduced to him by Eden. Grandi was a professional *charmeur* sent abroad to lie for his country.

And he lied impudently to Chamberlain, ignoring the fact that Eden knew he was lying. When he went out of the room Chamberlain said to Eden:

"I like that man. I feel that I can trust him."

"But, Prime Minister, he has been lying to you all the time."

"That is Foreign Office prejudice," said Chamberlain, coldly turning away.

Secure in the support of Chamberlain against his Foreign Minister, Grandi demanded "formal conversations" between Britain and Italy. Eden insisted that Italy must first fulfil her two promises: (1) to withdraw her troops from Spain, (2) cease her worldwide propaganda against Britain.

Meanwhile, Mussolini, backed by Germany, called violently for the dismissal of Eden.

The Cabinet was divided and a split seemed imminent. But gradually Eden's supporters were won over to Chamberlain, and the battle was lost. Eden remained inflexible and resigned next day (February 21, 1938), together with his Under-Secretary, Lord Cranborne, who in Parliament roundly declared that we had surrendered to "blackmail."

No more humiliating incident has occurred in our political history. A British Minister had been thrown to the wolves at the dictation of criminal gangsters. The road to Munich and the World War was open. The last obstacle had been removed.

To-day, nearly seven years after, the Dictators are perishing in the wreck they have made of Europe. But their victim is back at the Foreign Office from which they drove him.

Next to Mr. Churchill, Anthony Eden can claim to be the one statesman who saw the red light and did his utmost to avert the catastrophe.

Still a young man (47), he is the Leader of the House of Commons and the most probable Prime Minister of the future. Some of his qualifications for that great office are apparent in the narrative I have given. He has others.

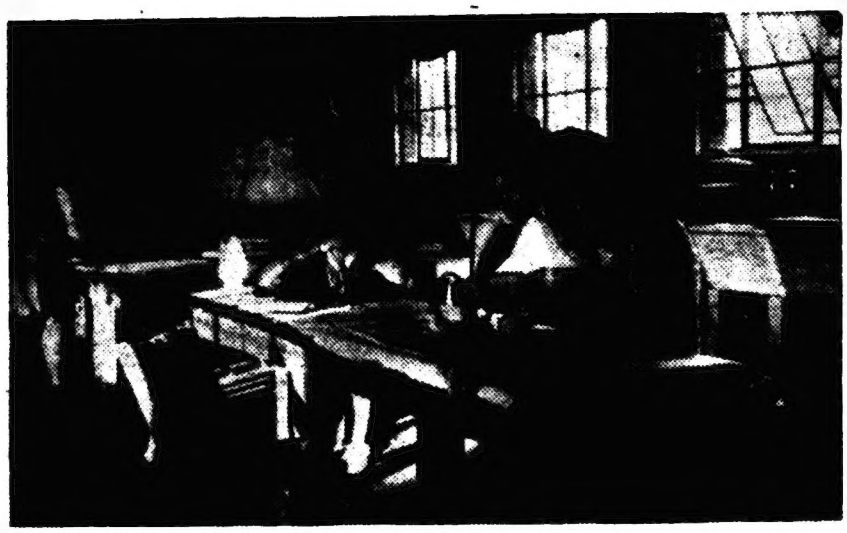
The Man He Is

He is a profoundly serious statesman, as enlightened on the social side as he is firm on the diplomatic side. He is not a spell-binder and he is rather obvious in speech, but he is truthful, sincere and competent.

If he has none of the wit and colour of Churchill, he has fine qualities of temper, keeps his head, is always courteous. He loves Parliament, and the House repays the love with respect and affection.

In a word, he is an eminently safe man. I hope this country will never be in worse hands.

NEXT WEEK:
HERBERT MORRISON



More than eighty large hostels have been specially built for war workers. This one, like most, contains not only lounges, dance hall and canteens but domestic facilities for the girls

Bombshell For War Workers

by Our Special Commissioner

A BIG, HAPPY family, drawn from all parts of Britain, settled down fourteen months ago to make the best of war time living. Five hundred men and women workers, most of them young, had left their homes on Ministry of Labour orders.

Some had come from remote parts of Scotland, some from Wales, some from Ireland. They began their new life at Cheylesmore Hostel, near Coventry. Their war jobs were within easy reach, and when the day's work was over, they got back to comfort, peace and friendliness.

Under the management of the National Service Hostels Corporation, Ltd. (a non-profit company formed at the instance of the Government to manage hostels built by the Office of Works), Cheylesmore became one of the finest workers' "homes from home" in the country.

And no wonder. There were cubicle bedrooms with running hot and cold water, plenty of bathrooms, central heating, recreation rooms, a theatre and a dance-hall. Most important of all, there was a Residents' Committee which saw that the communal life ran smoothly. By the beginning of December, Christmas plans were well in hand. There were to be special festivities, a grand Christmas dinner. . . .

Then came the bombshell.

Notice to Quit

Every one of the five hundred happy workers received a curt duplicated notice signed with initials on behalf of Miss I. Clayton, a local Ministry of Labour Welfare Officer. It said it had become necessary "to terminate the present arrangements for your stay in the Cheylesmore Hostel." No expression of regret, no explanation—just an instruction to each worker to report for accommodation at another hostel a very few days hence.

The only concession seemed to be that the authorities would undertake the removal of the workers' luggage.

Was there any rhyme or reason in the decision? The Residents' Committee at Cheylesmore could see none. Nor can I, though I have made the fullest possible inquiries on the spot.

Mr. Nuttall, the manager of the hostel, could give no explanation. He seemed to have been as startled as anyone. I asked Ministry officials in Coventry. I asked the Regional Ministry of Labour Commissioner whose headquarters are in Birmingham. Not one of them could tell me why Cheylesmore was being closed. Because it was obvious they didn't know.

The National Service Hostels Corporation were only managers of the hostel. The decision was not theirs. The Ministry of Labour, concerned only in reallocating the Cheylesmore workers, were, in a sense, also doing what they were told.

In the end I discovered that the decision to uproot one of the happiest families in the country was made months ago in joint session by a committee with representatives of the Ministries of Health, Labour, Aircraft Production, and Supply, and of the Admiralty.

Yet not one of these knows—or will say—why Cheylesmore has been treated in this extraordinary manner.

Home for Animals?

All I could gather from one or another of them is that it *may* be on account of national economy; that the hostel *may* one day become a private school under the Ministry of Education, or perhaps an instruction centre for teachers, or a rest centre for invalids or wounded soldiers.

One Ministry official thought the place might be put up for sale. In which case it could become a home for naughty children or stray animals.

Stray animals. That's just about what the five hundred workers have been feeling like now that they are split up over nine areas. Some of them have found inferior conditions in their new hostels. Some have gone to a place where the inhabitants are just casuals who stay only a night or two.

Many of the women earn only 1s. 1d. an hour. Out of their weekly £2 7s., they are now having to find an additional 3s. 6d. a week or so for travelling expenses.

What was all the hurry about? Why was a Government pledge broken—the pledge to consult Residents' Committees before decisions of this kind were taken? Why is it Ministry of Labour officials now admit that the Cheylesmore workers seem to have a good case and yet declare that it's too late to do anything about it?

This once-happy hostel will certainly remain closed and useless for months to come.

I promised the workers of Cheylesmore that I would see the appropriate Government Department gave some parliamentary explanation of the whole regrettable affair.

That promise I shall keep.

"He went straight for the bigger youth, hitting out with both fists doubled up"

HERCULES IN THE FASCISTS' DEN

Hercules Smith was worried about a big book deal with Germany and about his son's friends. Decisions on both were reached at a stormy meeting at Sir Wilfred Danks' house

by

Harry Hearson

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

"IT'S DIFFICULT TO KNOW what to do for the best," said Hercules Smith—and he looked appealingly at Joan, seated in the other deck chair with a pile of mending in her lap.

It was a pleasant August evening in the year 1938, and after dinner Hercules had brought out the chairs and set them down in the long shadows cast across the lawn by its bordering line of limes.

The children were out of sight somewhere—John and William knocking together a new hutch to accommodate a sudden family produced by one of John's rabbits; and Sheila holding a private tea party for her dolls.

Joan bit the end off a length of cotton, and screwed up her eyes to the task of threading a needle. "It couldn't do any harm to go along to this meeting and see what it's all about," she suggested.

Hercules looked worried. "I'd rather not have anything to do with it," he said. "But then if I don't go, Danks may be offended and call off this book deal. *I* don't know what to do."

It was a troublesome problem.

Just lately, Hercules had been building up hopes of sending John and William to a boarding-school, and had even gone so far as to put their names down for Dunford. Then Danks, a neighbour with whose son John was friendly, had turned what was merely a hope into almost a certainty. He had come to Hercules a few weeks ago with a proposition about importing a big collection of valuable books from Germany. Danks was to provide the money.

"But I don't—ah—wish my name to appear in the transaction," he had said. Sir Wilfred Danks always spoke pompously. "At the present stage of affairs in Europe it might—ah—be misconstrued."

"You want me to put through the deal anonymously?" Hercules had asked.

Sir Wilfred nodded in a pleased way.

"Precisely," he said. "I will give you the name of the person to whom the money is to be paid. He is not, I may add, the principal in the transaction. It would not—ah—be politic for *his* name to appear, either." Sir Wilfred rubbed his hands. "And about the fee?" he said. "What are your usual terms?"

"Ten per cent.," Hercules told him.

Sir Wilfred beamed. "In this case, my dear Smith," he announced grandly, "we shall be most happy to pay you twenty per cent."

Hercules made a rapid mental calculation—and the result was of a type which figures more often in booksellers' daydreams than in their banking accounts. Quite obviously it would make immediately possible the sending of both John and William to Dunford.

"If you'll let me have the preliminary details," Hercules said, "I'll go into the matter."

He had done so, and now it only remained for him to put through the deal.

But for some reason which he couldn't quite pin down, he had hesitated. And on top of that he had been worried lately about John. The boy had somehow got mixed up in a youth group which met at Danks' house, and had picked up some parrot phrases which Joan didn't like. For that matter, neither did Hercules. The group, they gathered, had something to do with Sir Oswald Mosley's party.

All these things were brewing in Hercules' mind as he sat with Joan in their deck chairs in the long shadows; and they were responsible for the unhappy look on his chubby and normally contented face.

Joan glanced at him across her sewing.

"We don't *have* to have money for this deal, do we, dear?" she asked him.

"Well . . . . No, we can manage without it," he said slowly. "But it would mean the boys couldn't go to Dunford."

"They're doing very well at the Grammar School." Joan made the statement quietly, and her husband looked at her quickly, gratefully.

"So they are, dear. All the same . . . one wants to do the best one can. And yet," he went on in a troubled voice, "I don't altogether like this proposition of Danks'. What's the object of it? He isn't a collector. On the face of it, it seems almost—almost like an excuse for getting money into Germany."

"Why not go along to this meeting tomorrow evening?" Joan suggested. "Perhaps it would help you to make up your mind."

Hercules, swinging the car out of the garage and down the short drive the following evening, waved to Joan, who was in a deck-chair under the trees again. John was in the front seat of the car with his father. They were on their way to the meeting at Sir Wilfred Danks' house.

Glancing, now, at John seated beside him in the car, Hercules noticed that his son was wearing an open-necked dark blue sports shirt with a zip fastener.

"Oughtn't you to have a collar and tie, old man?" he asked.

John shook his head.

"I put this on, Daddy, because the other fellows wear black shirts, and this is the nearest I had."

HERCULES FROWNED, and concentrated on his driving.

"Can't say I think much of their ideas," he ventured presently, when they had turned on to the road to Sir Wilfred's house.

"You wait," John told him. "They've got some ripping ideas. All the boys in Germany have free holidays, and camps and things, and they get to be as healthy as anything."

"And apparently spy on their parents and carry tales to the Party officials," Hercules murmured, as if speaking to himself. He saw John turn sharply towards him.

"It's only the rotters who do that, Daddy," John said. "You don't think I'd sneak on you and Mummy, do you?" His boyish voice was indignant.

Hercules took a hand off the steering wheel and squeezed his son's shoulder. "I'm darned sure you wouldn't," he said. "It's just that your mother and I don't want to see you mixed up with—with anything that might give you the wrong sort of ideas, old chap."

The sort of ideas Hercules was thinking of became evident soon after Sir Wilfred had escorted him, much against his will, on to the platform at the meeting. Most of the audience, Hercules noticed, were between the ages of about 14 and 18, and a sprinkling of them were wearing black shirts.

The proceedings, apparently, were to consist mainly of an address by the chairman—a truculent youth who reminded Hercules of a school bully.

And it wasn't so much an address as an harangue—a parrot-like eulogy of Hitler and Sir Oswald Mosley and National Socialism, punctuated with thumps on the table and much waving of arms.

Presently the chairman's harangue closed abruptly, and he invited questions.

Hercules, inwardly very irritated by the whole affair, and more than ever disturbed by John's being mixed up in it, found himself, to his own surprise, on his feet, and for a brief instant caught sight of John's embarrassed face among the crowd below.

"Maybe," Hercules began awkwardly, "I shouldn't butt in on a young people's meeting. But there is at least one question I've never heard answered properly. What about the Reichstag fire?"

THE YOUTH IN THE CHAIR looked sideways at him, not bothering to stand up. "What about it?" he said.

"Well," said Hercules, "it was a swindle, wasn't it?" He was going to add something, when he felt a pull at his coat, and looking down saw Sir Wilfred frowning up at him and shaking his head.

One of the audience laughed suddenly.

"What of it?" he called out. "The end justifies the means, doesn't it?"

Hercules, shocked by the remark, and angered by another sharp pull at his coat, shoved out a solid chin.

"Not always," he said obstinately. "In this case, for instance, you might say that the whole structure of Nazi power is built on the Reichstag fire. In other words, it's a structure with rotten foundations. And no building yet put up, no matter how fine it looks from outside, has lasted long if its foundations were jerry-built."

Several youths began talking at once, and Hercules, catching one or two impertinent remarks, surprisingly lost his temper.

"Listen to me," he said, holding up his hand. "You're playing with fire. Take it from me, Hitler and your Sir Oswald Mosley are trying to destroy everything worth while in the world. They're out to rob you of your freedom."

The chairman had come to his feet and had been glaring fanatically at the little man standing there on the platform propounding his faith. "You *dare*

riticise the Fuehrer," he shouted, and lapped Hercules hard across the cheek.

There was a sudden silence in the oom, broken by a scuffle which resolved self into John running up the gangway nd clambering on to the platform.

Before Hercules could interfere, his on had gone straight for the bigger outh, hitting out with both fists doubled p. As Hercules plunged towards them, he chairman lashed out as hard as he ould at the small boy, and John fell ackwards over a chair and toppled over he edge of the platform, to lie still on he floor.

Hercules was beside him in a moment, nd as he lifted him up the boy's eyes pened.

"All right, old chap. Take it easy." lercules fought down his burning anger, nd rose to his feet with John in his rms. The crowd was very quiet now. ven Sir Wilfred's face had lost its omposity and wore a scared look.

"This is exactly the sort of thing I eant," said Hercules in a grim voice. Some of the younger of you will, I ope, remember this—and think again." nd he turned and walked straight out f the door, brushing off Sir Wilfred's ustling attempts at apology.

The sun was shining through the edroom window when Hercules woke the next morning. For a brief oment, as he returned to consciousness, e felt a light-heartedness he had not xperienced for some weeks.

The doctor had speedily put his mind t rest. After a brief examination of ohn, whom the drive to the surgery hrough the night air had revived, he old Hercules that there was no con-ussion.

OAN, OF COURSE, had been immediately efficient without making a fuss.

Afterwards, sitting in the lounge with lercules, she had listened to his account f the meeting.

"Beastly young hooligans," she said. I'd give the lot of them a sound whip-ing if I had my way."

"Some of them, yes," he agreed. "But ot all of them. The younger ones are erely being misled."

"Horrid little beasts." Joan was damant. "What are you going to do bout it, Hercules?"

"I'm going to write a note to Sir Wilfred Danks," said Hercules grimly.

"Demanding an apology?"

Hercules shook his head again. "No ny love. He's not worth the trouble. I'm oing to tell him I've no intention of utting through his German book deal."

"And what about Dunford?" asked oan softly.

"I know." Hercules spoke a little lumly over his shoulder. "But I dare-ay they'll do all right at the Grammar chool."

Joan smiled affectionately at his back All these things passed swiftly through lercules' waking mind, and he felt appy. Joan was still asleep, breathing uietly by his side. Her face, wreathed y tumbled hair on the pillow, was very eautiful. Hercules eased himself quietly ut of bed and went downstairs to put n the kettle.

He heard the boys' voices as he ap-roached the kitchen, and stopped short f the door.

Hercules caught the words "rotters nd bullies," then John's voice rose earer. "But Daddy was great," he said. You ought to have heard him." The oice held a pride which penetrated the oor and squared Hercules' shoulders.

He went quietly into the kitchen and t on the kettle. He noticed a faint mell of singeing somewhere, and, earching about for the handle thing hich lifted the lid of the stove, he found and peered inside.

Stuffed on top of the coke, and already ginning to smoulder, was a small rn-necked, dark blue sports shirt with zip fastener.

Hercules replaced the lid firmly, and nt cheerfully in search of the teapot.

John Hilton found that for one person with money to put into the bank—

THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN have unconsciously undergone a remarkable change in this war. It is a change which will have a deep effect upon our plans for the peace, and yet in itself it seems a small thing.

Not so very long ago the word "statistics" meant dullness and deception for most people. Now they have come right into life.

Rationing, man-power, production, and all the rest have brought statistics out of cold-storage and made them things of flesh and blood. We are at last becoming statistics-conscious, and if there was one man more than any other responsible for the change it was Professor John Hilton.

He knew the common man intimately. He had friends amongst labourers and bricklayers. But, more than anything else, he had a gift for waltzing through a maze of figures, bringing his gay personality to bear on the dullest report, and giving it a colour and pattern which held his listeners spellbound.

How Much Money We Have

The last book he finished before his death has just been published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. (7s. 6d.), and it has a title which perfectly fits the almost inconsequent way Hilton went to work.

"Rich Man, Poor Man" offers startling revelations about the wealth of Great Britain. They took Hilton many years of labour to uncover. They say things which have never been said before. And they are vital to the future of Britain.

For instance, among Britain's 12,000,000 families in 1938, only 4,000,000

"It's those paratroops in the gods again"

These books make news

Everyman's Professor

With the death of Professor John Hilton the man in the street lost a good and wise friend—his posthumous book "Rich Man, Poor Man" exposes startling discrepancies in pre-war incomes

by Vincent Brome

were worth, all told, more than £1,000, the next 4,000,000 were worth anything between £200-£100. The remaining 4,000,000 possessed "no more than they stand up in or sit down at—if that."

These appalling gaps can never be completely closed. Absolute equality must always remain just a dream, for the simple reason that men are never born with equal mental equipment.

Privately owned wealth in this country, Hilton tells us, totals twenty thousand million pounds. Divided equally amongst Britain's 12,000,000 families, it would mean £1,500 for each family, and that still sounds a tidy sum.

But if this ideal were ever realised it could never last. Within six months of the grand share-out one man with more business sense than another would have gone into action and added a fresh £100 to his £1,500, and somebody else would have lost that £100. Within a few years the same glaring inequalities would upset the whole balance once again.

Average Debt £5

In this respect, John Hilton has some shattering things to say about the sharks who prey upon Jones and Smith and help to upset that balance.

"It has fallen to me in recent years to receive many letters from persons needing counsel or guidance . . I have heard from labouring men who have signed an agreement to pay fifteen guineas at 7s. 6d. a week for instruction which would lead, . . to betterment of their lot. The teaching was incomprehensible from the first lesson—but the last penny of the last instalment has had to be paid—under threats brutal and callous. There are postal tuition schools that are well and honestly conducted and that give excellent value for their money, but . . ."

He quotes many other concrete cases of the most unpleasant exploitation, and concludes: "Could we not have an official who might perhaps be called the Public Prosecutor to take action? . . For there is no provision in our system of law and justice whereby legal assistance can be given to one infamously summoned before the County Court."

Where do the activities of these sharks land the man in the street? They land him, first of all, in debt. Hilton produced some of the first figures on debt ever put together in this country, because debt was once a shady affair and better left alone. Then Hilton breezily uncovered yet another series of surprises.

Taxes Put the Brake on

In a cross-section of 300 families he found that between a half and two-thirds were in debt. The average debt was a mere £5. It may not sound much to some people, but it is big to the man earning £3 a week. One-seventh of these families owed £20 or more. That was tragic, for they had no foreseeable release from such a debt.

How were these debts made up? Rent came first, then rates. Then pawnbrokers, grocers and milkmen. One family in ten had debts of this kind.

All this may sound very grey and depressing, and even the much-repeated phrase from the House of Commons about the little man owning no less than £3,000,000,000 in the Post Office Savings does not help very much on closer examination.

From a series of Post Office accounts he analysed, Professor Hilton said that 70 per cent. of them averaged only £4 in credit, 16.5 per cent. averaged £53, and only 13.5 per cent. were over £100. In short, the average "little man" had only about £4 in the Post Office. But this was before the war, and the position of savings for the man in the street has changed radically since then.

In fact, it is one of a number of major changes which are at work behind the scenes to change the whole complexion of wealth and savings. A fresh wind is blowing through Britain's money to-day.

Death duties take up to 50 per cent. from the wealthy when they die. Super-tax puts another brake on fat salaries. Full employment at reasonable wages in war time is closing another gap, and here lies one of the most important keys to the whole thing. If we maintain wages in peace time at a level which leaves a margin for saving, then the gaps can be narrowed considerably.

Other likely changes deal with security as against wealth, and security can be far more important than wealth. The first big step is an effort to give the lower grades of income a sense of security equivalent to the higher grades. Beveridge is the linch-pin here. But Hilton had an objection to Beveridge. It is a big one, and it needs close attention.

Criticism of Beveridge

In New Zealand the size of the contribution to their Security Scheme is based on a man's income. Beveridge provides for a fixed contribution whatever your pay, so that a man getting £20 a week makes the same weekly contribution as a man earning only £3 a week. Yet they both get the same benefit. Hilton believed that the £20-a-week man should pay more, and the £3-a-week man less, without changing the uniform benefit.

The man in the street lost a very unusual friend when Hilton died. He was a professor who went into the market-place and had the popular touch. His last book is an important social document.

— there were thousands of people in debt, with rent and rates leading the list

Free Speech

Is it still the Englishman's Castle?

This page is for your opinions. Speak out—say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform

Major Manningham Buller, Conservative M.P. for Daventry, comes on to John Bull's Free Speech platform to plead for leaseholders

THE ACCOUNT YOU GAVE of the sad plight of the Pembroke Dock leaseholders is yet another example of the distressing consequences which sometimes flow from the incidence of death duties on landed estates.

The letter from Sir Thomas Meyrick's agent makes the cause of his reluctant decision clear, the necessity of finding the money to pay death duties. That is the cause of the dilemma confronting the leaseholders Were it not for that, is there any reason to suppose that the tenants would be faced with the dire alternative, either to leave the homes they have lived in for so long or to pay more for their occupation?

But consideration of the cause of their troubles is no solution. If Sir Thomas had to sell, I am glad that he has given his tenants first refusal. I hope that many of them will be able to acquire at a fair price the freehold of their premises. If they cannot do so, is it too much to hope that the local authority may acquire them and rent them to their present tenants?

The present tendency to encourage leasehold tenure is one I deplore. Under the Town and Country Planning Act, 1944, it is clear that the majority of the occupants of our redeveloped "blitzed and blighted" cities will be tenants of the local authorities who are not bound by the provisions of the Rent Restriction Acts.

Local authorities have their duty to their ratepayers to consider. They must act impartially and treat each of their tenants alike. Can they properly waive the payment of rent when a tenant has met with misfortune? A good landlord—and there are some—on the other hand, can, if he chooses, forgo the rent and he alone will be the loser.

An Englishman's home is his castle—but it will only be so if he has security of tenure or is a freeholder. No one should object to the word "Englishman" in this phrase being interpreted so as to include the Welsh. I should like to see the acquisition of such leaseholds facilitated, if need be, by legislation, so that the tenant can become the freeholder.—Major R. E. Manningham Buller, M.P., House of Commons.

Wholesale Profits

YOU SAY IN AN Open Letter that the wholesale trade "produces nothing, yet it takes its cut of the profits—and in some cases, a big profit, too." The gross margin (which please don't confuse with profit) allowed to wholesalers in the textile trade is, on the average, somewhere about 16¾ per cent. Out of this gross margin he must pay his costs of buying, maintain his warehouse and carry stocks, and pay the costs of distribution throughout Great Britain. This involves breaking bulk and delivering in small quantities, of which records must be kept, accounts rendered and collected.

Generous credits must be given to his customers although he himself must generally pay his accounts in about seven days. On top of this, he acts as the unpaid collector of taxes for the Government in the collection of Purchase Tax. The wholesaler who, having done all this, can see what you call "big profits" at the end of the transaction, would indeed be fortunate.

Wholesaleing is an essential part of our National economy. It is the selling organisation of production, and I say without fear of contradiction, that in the textile trade, at any rate, there is no cheaper method of distribution of manufactured products.—W. T. Caves, Secretary. The Wholesale Textile Association, 75, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.

Brain Service

ONE OF YOUR correspondents asked an interesting question: "Is it not selfishness to spend your life in book-learning just because you like it, while others are producing something for the common good? I do not believe it's selfish at all. Men I know with book-knowledge do me a service. In conversation, I am stimulated and enlightened. They provide me with a pleasure not less than the pleasure I feel in resting in an armchair. I appreciate the upholsterer; but I appreciate the intellectual as well. —Edward Eldridge, Dagenham, Essex.

Grateful Pensioner

THOUGH I AM AN old reader of JOHN BULL, I have never once read a word of praise for the Ministry of Pensions. For many years I have received a hundred per cent. disability pension for lung trouble. All my doctors' and specialists' fees have been met; a sleeping shelter provided; cod-liver oil and drugs paid for. Never once have I experienced lack of sympathy or cheeseparing methods at the hands of the Ministry. Helped in this way, I have been able to hold down a full-time job for the last twelve years. I send my name, but ask you not to print it as I do not wish everyone to know my illness.—A. G., Poole, Dorset.

[*Last occasion on which we praised the Ministry was June 10 of this year, we told how repatriated Merchant Navy men had their pension claims discussed by officials within two hours of their ship docking.*—ED.]

Ban on the Cloth

WORKERS EARNING up to £400 a year have been allowed to join in the National Health Contributory Scheme. My stipend is a good deal less than £400, so I wrote to the Ministry of Health. They said I could not contribute to the scheme as a Minister of religion is not employed "under a contract." The fact that a minister's livelihood is insecure should be an added reason why the Government should allow him to be in a scheme which would help to remove the fear of big doctor's bills.—Methodist Minister, London, E.

Gun Forcsight

MY HOUSE SUFFERED severe damage from a flying bomb. It had been occupied by the Army and was used at one period as an armoury. Because of the damage it was derequisitioned. After the military had left my surveyor set about the job of assessing the damage and took up a floorboard. He found Sten guns and ammunition hidden away. The police were informed. Some days later more ammunition was found hidden under the floors.

Is it possible that these guns were secreted for some special purpose? I can hardly think so, but it might be as well if the authorities made a routine search of all houses which have been occupied by the Armed Forces, and especially those which have been used as armouries. — C. A. BULL, Whyteleafe Road, Caterham, Surrey.

A White Lie ?

MY SEVEN-YEAR-OLD CHILD was told to write an essay at school about milk. She has been allowed to bring home her composition book, and I see she had written, "Sometimes the milk is drity." Quite obviously she meant "dirty." The teacher has crossed out the word and put "late."—MRS. M., Berkshire.

For the Scrap Heap

WE OF THE LEFT will not throw over Mr. Churchill when the war's won. As leader of the Tory Party he will probably take his chance in the General Election. But to vote for a man and not for principles is foolish. Those who do it will find themselves on the scrap-heap, not Mr. Churchill.—Joseph Ambrose, 125, Cale Lane, New Springs, Wigan, Lancs.

Lop-sided

YOUR CORRESPONDENT who objects to a school class being kept in because of the offence of an unidentified culprit has a very lop-sided view of communal punishment. A class which shields a wrongdoer is hiding something evil. I am against tale-telling, but I think children should be taught that they owe loyalty to the school and to the teacher. There's too much of this shielding of evil in adult life when the wrongdoer shields himself behind the supposed "loyalty" of his fellow men. Should we be justified in shielding rogues who run black markets?—PEDAGOGUE, York.

Last Wrong

ONE OF ENGLAND'S mothers loses a fine son, a paratrooper killed in action abroad. His young wife receives a bill for 18s., the cost of a blanket used to bury him. I am the sister of this soldier. — G. M. CHAUNCEY, 617, Selby Road, Halton, Leeds.

Drink and the Doctor

PASSING TWO GIRLS in the street the other day, I heard one say to the other, "I can get drunk on beer sooner than anything." It's well known that drinking among young people is on the increase. Temperance lectures by doctors and well-known social workers should form a regular feature in the syllabus of all youth organisations.—Miss S., Blackburn.

It's a Gift

ENCLOSED IS A children's present bought from a large store in a town which I visited lately. It cost 6d. for the nine ordinary cigarette cards and the little transparent envelope. Children this Christmas have missed many of the little treats of life, and I think it is grossly unfair to try to attract their attention by offering this sort of thing for sale.—G. J. H. LOMAX, 28, Westborough Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.

First with Wishes

MY WISHES FOR the New Year are that (1) people would type, or write in block letters, their names below illegible signatures; (2) that the year was divided into thirteen months of four weeks, so that my salary never had to be "adjusted" to cover five week-ends when these occur in a calendar month; (3) that unsuccessful Bulleteers would not keep telling me that their efforts were better than the ones that won prizes.—LONG (SUFFERING) ACRE.

ONE GUINEA will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT FOR 1945

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

Including

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, BURGLARY, etc.,

in addition to

PERSONAL WAR RISK INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

"John Bull" is proud to announce that its unparalleled Free Family Insurance and War-time Security Gift will continue to operate in 1945. All benefits and conditions remain in force as in 1944, the provisional date of termination of the benefits now being December 31, 1945.

The **COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS** included in this great Charter of Security cover registered readers' household and personal effects against loss by *FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, GAS EXPLOSION, BURGLARY, etc.* The Scheme includes a PERSONAL WAR RISK Insurance Policy, underwritten at *LLOYD'S*, which covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury, as defined, caused by any action of Enemy, Allied, or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

Registered Readers automatically qualify for the full benefits of "John Bull's" 1945 Free Family Insurance, which supersedes all schemes previously in force, and need not re-register unless there has been a change of address or newsagent. Registration Forms can be obtained from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Your Good Health

Strokes

by Dr. GREVILLE PARK

GRANDFATHER MAY BE a bit trying at times, but it comes as a pretty severe shock when, one day, without much warning, he has a stroke.

Arteries harden as the years go by, and, unluckily, there is a little one in the brain which is particularly fragile. Moreover, it runs through a great bunch of motor nerves, and, if it bursts and bleeds, these are severely damaged. They control the limbs of the other side of the body, so the result is sudden paralysis of that arm and leg, which becomes completely useless and rather rigid.

Hæmorrhages in other parts of the brain may affect the sight, cause giddiness, or, in vital centres, sudden death, but these are less common.

The "last straw" which bursts the artery may be nothing more than the effort of standing up; but more often excitement, over-tiredness, or some sudden exertion is responsible, and old people with hardened arteries should lead very placid lives.

They should avoid alcohol, and —rather curiously—should not have treatment to lower their blood pressure because, when the treatment stops, the sudden rise may do the damage.

When a stroke has happened, there must be complete rest at first. Later on, massage and exercises help the paralysed muscles to regain some movement. Electrical treatment is usually a bad thing, and only increases the stiffness by stimulating unparalysed muscles.

Your New Life

The Perfect Soap

CHEMISTS IN SEARCH of synthetic substitutes for materials made scarce by war have made many valuable discoveries, some of them better than the originals. Into this category falls what must surely be described as the perfect soap.

A tablet of this soap will not only remove grease and grime from the hands, but also from pots and pans.

It achieves this—and here is its most amazing feature—*equally well in the softest or hardest water.*

The secret of the new soap, which was originally produced for soldiers, is a chemical ingredient which has the added advantages of being both cheap and plentiful, has no smell, and is without any ill-effect on the skin.

This ingredient, to use non-technical language, gets its results by overpowering those molecules in water which fight the effects of soap.

Beauty specialists and garage mechanics will give it equal welcome.

H. H.

Peas were the first success. Then an expensive variety of beans yielded a heavy crop "as tender as lettuce"

Thirty-Three Pounds From a London Garden

CONNERY CHAPPELL keeps a diary of a year's work and learns much for the future from past mistakes

THIS IS THE season when the men who write articles on gardening put down their spades, dash up to their typewriters, and remind us all to keep a gardening account book for the coming year.

Yet how many of us ever do? Very few indeed. I know I never did, and I know that my neighbours never do.

But I started one just over a year ago, and in future I shall never garden without it. After one season it has repaid me for the trouble several times over. It has pointed out mistakes, reminded me of gardening successes, given me useful dates, and told me how much profit I have made.

Not long ago I read an article by a man who said that allotment-holders and gardeners, working as enthusiasts, could get £25 worth of stuff from their gardens in one year.

I know now that this is an underestimate. My account book and diary tells a much better story than that. Here it is.

The garden concerned is about one-quarter of an acre, just on the fringe of the built-up area of London. It faces south and slopes down gently, which is lucky. Not more than a quarter of it is under vegetables.

When we took it over in November, 1943, it was in a terrible mess. It looked hopeless, like a chickweed farm. It had twelve apple trees, which had been neglected and run to wood, it had a small forest of wild-growing raspberry canes, and it had three abominable elm trees screening its southern boundary.

Furthermore, the bottom end of the garden had been used as a builder's dump when the property was being built twenty-five years ago, so its "soil" was mainly brick rubble and contained little or no humus.

Three of us set to work, feeling like pioneers in the Far West.

It Was Worth It

Now, at the end of the first year, my gardening account book tells a remarkable story:

Spent: £22 12s. 2d. Value of crop: £33 3s. 10d. (still incomplete).

Perhaps it sounds absurd to spend £22 on a London garden. But much of the money was spent on tools and fixtures—concrete posts for screens of rambler roses, and so on.

And the answer, to anyone who criticises it, is that we got it back with a big profit. Divided into three, our year's gardening cost us just over £7 each, which is far less than most people spend on cigarettes.

Our greatest expense, of course, was for manure, fertilisers, and lime. We had to get that soil into working order, and manure is expensive.

It cost us the extraordinary figure of £11 2s. 9d., but as we have a stock of rotted stable manure waiting to be worked in this Spring, the figure really covered two years.

Seeds and plants cost us £1 16s. (Motto: most people buy five times as many seeds as they need. We shall not make that mistake again.)

Our First Success

Our first piece of luck was an old asparagus bed, which we found under a stretch of groundsel. We treated it well, fed it with basic slag and a mulch of straw manure, and it rewarded us with a crop worth 23s. 6d.

In estimating the value of a crop I always entered up the retail price in the gardening book, but always at the cheapest price. If I had wanted to break records I could easily have turned that £33 into £40. The figure we entered was the money we saved ourselves had we shopped at the cheapest shops.

Our peas were our first success. They were Market Gem, sown February 27, showing March 28, and picked June 21. A row 30 ft. long yielded 15 lb., which is fairly good for small earlies.

Second sowings and marrowfats failed almost completely, although the ground was heavily trenched and had been well manured.

Our onions did quite well, for six short rows produced 20 lb. It was noticeable that those sown on February 27 did better than those sown later. (Motto: sow onions earlier this year.)

Two rows of shallots sown on the same day yielded 14 lb., picked on July 23. (Motto: sow shallots much earlier this year and lift them at the beginning of July.)

We did well with beans, particularly as it was a bad season. We sowed an expensive exhibition variety called Prizewinner, but they produced lovely straight beans 18 in. long and as tender as lettuce. Sown May 8, they were growing strongly—in heavily trenched ground—by May 28.

In all we gathered 41 lb. in a "Wigwam" 16 ft. long, which was fair considering the dry summer, but nothing to shout about. (Motto: this year put the beans farther away from the apple trees They want more air.)

Our potatoes were not good. We sowed 10 lb. of Sharp's Express on March 22 and lifted 68 lb. by July 25. We should have done better. But they were sown down by the elms, in the bad ground, and it will take years to get that ground into good heart.

We had a minor success with mushrooms. Never despise those shilling packets of spawn. I bought two and spawned a manure stack on May 7. We were picking steadily through August and September, picking ½ lb. on the morning of September 1. (Motto: beg, borrow or steal some more fresh manure and grow some mushrooms again this year.)

The Man Next Door

The sweet corn crop was a minor disappointment. Why, I don't know. Sown on April 24, in a heavily manured bed, it never really gripped, and the man next door knocked spots off us with half the trouble.

However, we had a crop of forty-seven good cobs, worth about £2. (Motto: try a different variety next year.)

Our best success was tomatoes. We raised twelve Golden Nugget (yellow) plants from seed, and bought forty-eight young ones. The result was 282 lb. of tomatoes, approximately 270 being from the forty-eight young plants. (Motto: the Golden Nugget yield, in my case, was not enough for the trouble involved.)

This huge tomato crop provided its own problems. We had tomatoes all over the place; as fast as we sold them (the local greengrocer gave us grower's price for 77 lb.), so we had to pick more.

How did we do it, for few London gardeners get a yield like this? By planting out in sunken trenches, richly manured. Take trouble, and you are rewarded. There is no need just to grow a pound or two a plant.

Our bumper crop gave us £2 18s. 1d. in cash sales.

Those, generally, were the most interesting crops. We did superbly on lettuce. (Motto: use Golden Ball again. It makes a lovely salad.) We did well on cabbage, particularly Savoys, and still have about four dozen Christmas Drumhead waiting to be used. The celery crop was first-class and worth 25s. (Motto: put the trench away from the elms this year. The trees encourage celery fly.)

We took enormous trouble with a low trench of sweet peas, and picked handfuls day after day for the best part of three months. Rich manuring did the trick again.

Advice For Next Year

So, as I close one gardening diary and account book and prepare to start another, these are the conclusions and resolutions for this year:

Don't grow too many root crops. They can be bought so cheaply in the shops. Why worry about parsnips if you have only a small space? It is much better, say, to grow cauliflowers, which will save money.

There are all sorts of discrepancies in the £ s. d. of gardening, and an account book shows them up. For instance, marrowfats and scarlet runners cost about the same to buy—yet the runners will produce twice the crop in the same space. Remember this when planning the allotment.

In the same way salad vegetables always save money. Lettuce never dropped below 6d. in my district all the summer. The total value of our early crop worked out at 35s. 4d. (Motto: rotate the lettuce all through the season this year; don't just talk about it.)

Fewer carrots this year, too. A good row is only worth a few shillings. A similar row of lettuce would be worth three times the money. As for potatoes . . . for the small man, I submit, they are a waste. According to the account book, anyway. They lock up a whole section of the garden for months—and then cash in at a few pence a pound.

When in doubt, I shall grow expensive vegetables. Better a success with salads than a triumph with turnips.

"'JOHN BULL' INQUIRY BUREAU CONDUCTED BY 'HUMANIST'"

SHE HAS NO CAUSE TO OBJECT

Wardens plan one bright Sunday for children. Day dreams are a clue. No one should feel middle-aged at thirty-five

"THE WARDENS AND N.F.S. have arranged a Christmas party for the children in this badly bombed area. They have trimmed a fine Christmas-tree, and for weeks they have been making toys as presents.

"The headmistress objects to the children going to the party because it is to be held on a Sunday. I know the lady is a devout Christian, but in my heart of hearts I feel that her whole attitude is wrong. If I appeal to her I feel that she will crush me with a text."

I don't know any text in the New Testament that would justify such an attitude. If texts are to be hurled, I suggest that you counter with, "Is it not lawful to do good on the Sabbath Day?" There can be only one answer to that. Giving a little happiness to the victims of a war cannot be described as wickedness. The only real objection which the headmistress can raise is if the time of the party interferes with the children's attendance at Sunday-school.

"MY FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD son has just brought home his school report. It is as bad as ever. All the teachers make similar comments: 'Could do better if he tried,' 'Does not concentrate,' 'Shows no interest,' and so on.

"I don't want him to leave school yet, but it seems a waste of time. Would you advise me to take him away? He is not miserable at school, but he seems to have no appreciation for his work.

"I must admit that my own reports were very like his. Yet I've done well and earn a good income doing a job I enjoy."

Children can concentrate hard enough when they are genuinely interested in a subject. If your boy has no respect for the sort of education he is getting he might be transferred to a different type of school.

The person who cannot concentrate is often living in a world of make-believe, inventing day-dreams about himself. Those day-dreams provide a clue to the sort of life he wants to live. If they are impossible, the sooner he relinquishes them the better. But they may be quite practicable. He may want to go to sea, to be an engineer, or to work on the land. Try to find out what he wants to do and see if his education cannot be made more specialised to suit his particular trends and ambitions.

"HOW DOES ONE ACCUSTOM oneself to the arrival of middle-age? I am only thirty-five, but I am conscious of failing physical energy, and this makes me terribly discontented. It causes me to nag and find faults at home which don't really exist. I dread the future. A short time ago I was full of 'go' and ambition. Now I'm a Jeremiah, and my wife calls me an 'old misery.' Is there a mental stage common to all men which causes this depression? Or am I an exception?"

Middle-aged at thirty-five! Stuff and nonsense. The experience which you are undergoing happens to most men about fifty, but it does not last long, and once it is past there is a new lease of life! Physical powers are bound to wane; that is part of the natural course of events. But you may be suffering from overwork or over-anxiety.

A little relaxation every day would do you as much good as any tonic. You can have a thorough overhaul by your doctor, followed by a heart-to-heart talk. And then—no more thoughts of middle-age for a good long time.

No Legal Right to Appeal

E. H. (Pulborough): There are no national scales of public assistance, and the amount allowable is determined by the appropriate Public Assistance Committee after considering all the facts. There is no legal right of appeal against the Committee's decision. The only course of action that can be adopted is to ask the Committee to reconsider its assessment.

R. J. (Southampton): If your wife is employed in your business, you can pay her a reasonable remuneration for her services, and the amount so paid will be allowed as a deduction from your profits. Provided that the remuneration does not exceed £90 per annum, your wife will not be liable to pay any tax on it.

J. C. (Rainham): People who are homeless as a result of being bombed out are billeted in the first instance for two weeks and no charge is made. Whether or not a billeting notice should be reissued after the initial two weeks is a matter which is left to the discretion of the billeting authority. The Billeting Officer takes into account the following factors: (a) whether the person billeted is able to return to his home; or (b) whether he is able to make his own financial arrangements with his host or to find other accommodation at a price suited to his means. If a billeting notice is reissued, it is subject to recovery from the billeted person. Application for cheap travel facilities should be made at the Information or Administrative Centre (which is usually at the Town Hall or Council Offices) of the area in which the applicant was living when made homeless.

S. M. (Hinckley): Every endeavour is made to give privilege leave to newly joined soldiers during the first five months of their service, and also to give embarkation leave before they go overseas. Operational considerations must, however, override all others, and Sir J. Grigg has stated that he is unable to give an assurance that such leave can always be granted.

A. C. (Hayes): The rate of contribution for unemployment benefit paid in 1912 by an employed person was 2½d. per week.

Service

SEND YOUR PERSONAL or other problems (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Inquiry Bureau, 93, Long Acre London, W.C.2, which answers countless queries by post. Stamped, addressed envelope, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

She's Never Too Busy for 'Bullets'!

MEET the latest of 50 women who have won a war-time First Prize—smiling Mrs. E. Clarke, "Ilston," Lamb St., Carlisle; housework, needlework, knitting and her family keep her busy, she says, but she'd hate to miss her weekly shot at *Bullets*.

Her First Prize words (Contest 1,454) were: A Danger Spot—Housing "Quick-sands"—Quick, Sandys! But any woman, or any man, could just as well have thought of them. So why shouldn't a few words on coupon below win *you* the last First Prize of 1944?

HOW TO WIN—USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" and there's a "Bullet" for your coupon below.

100 NEW YEAR CHEQUES | £100 £20, £10, £5, £4, £3, 4 of £2, 20 of 30s., 20 of 25s., 50 of 20s., 1,000 Merit Awards

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Jan. 27. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

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2 FREE BULLETS For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

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LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, JAN. 8.

AHEAD OF BRITAIN
MEN AT WORK
HOMES ARE ESSENTIAL, SO
IF GERMANY HAD WON
EVERY YEAR
TIME THAT'S WASTED
MISTAKE WE MADE
NOTHING'S IMPOSSIBLE, SO
LEGAL LOOPHOLE
DUST IN OUR EYES
WHEN SUCCESS COMES
YOUTH OF TO-DAY
OFF TO-MORROW
THROWN OVERBOARD
HOWL OF DISAPPROVAL
INTELLECTUAL FEAST
AT FULL BLAST
SHORT OF CASH
IMPUDENCE
HE TOOK THE PLUNGE AND

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

KNOWS ALL THE.....
THINKS HE'S.....
AFRAID OF THE .....
ONE OF OUR .....
WAY THEY .....
NO MORE.....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,459, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

£200 FIRST, "BULLETS" 1,456

L.A.C. Cartwright, J. S., "Ingleside," Clarence Gardens, Bishop Auckland.

IN TO-MORROW'S WORLD "LIGHT" FROM TO-DAY'S "SACRIFICES"?

£20: T. Collier, 69, Ena Crescent, Leigh, Lancs. **Truly Great—Britain—Let Reform Reaffirm!**

£10: Miss I. Eddleston, 31, Beaconsfield Street, Blackburn. **Year Ahead—"Curtained," But "Light's Showing."**

£5: P. Pope, 4, Seymour Av., Newquay, Cornwall **After Christmas—"Repair" Its "Damage," Savers!**

£4: Q. Finlay, 289, Devonshire Rd., Blackpool. **Still Remembered—"Bluntness," When "Points" Disappear.**

£3: F. Ingo, 3, Wolseley Road, London, N.22. **In To-morrow's News—Crossed Road, Reading To-day's!**

"Bullets" Pointers—No. 4

Some people just *read* the winning *Bullets*, whilst others study them closely. They note how effort fits *Example*, how the words are fitted together, how the sense is brought out—and by thus *studying* winners they learn how to win.

4 Prizes of £2:

E. Ballands, 51, Knightside Gardens, Gateshead. **Housewife's Dream—New House—Old Homeliness.**

A. E. Hunter, Stutton, Tadcaster. **With Apres On—As "Battledress," My Leave!**

F. Pritchard, 74, Knighton Fields Road East, Leicester. **Housewife's Dream—Just a Vacation—Justification!**

F. Webb, 69, Birch Crescent, Tividale, Dudley. **Turned Out A Commando—From "Ladies Only," Auntie!**

A list of 20 winners of 30s., 20 of 25s., and 50 of 20s., can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Jan. 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

1. Murder in small town is this for the local gossips—TO□IC. 2. One which is a gift is not always appreciated—□OAL. 3. Energetic blacksmith keeps hammering away at—SHO□. 4. Many a town has been enriched by one—W□LL. 5. Some men become haughty and bumptious in their—PRI□E. 6. Any actor must know how to make this on the stage—□OVE. 7. Bad fit of one can put a man in a foul temper—CHO□ER. 8. Drabness of this is often relieved by beautiful flowers—□ALL. 9. Many people can't get on with such a man—S□Y. 10. It may be kind farmer can employ—WAI□. 11. Bad weather may well have very serious effect on cases in—□ARD. 12. May sound too heavy in a particular passage—ST□P. 13. Odds are very heavily against finding heart on any—TRE□. 14. Some are harder than others—WO□DS.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers, including payment for January 27 *Gazette*. Last day to post—Monday, January 8. ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 411, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

CHEQUES & CAKES WON IN XWORD 408

WINNING WORDS: 1. CRATE. 2. COSTER. 3. BLED. 4. TRESS. 5. FATE. 6. BEAR. 7. SPITE. 8. FOOTING. 9. PULE. 10. BAND or WAND. 11. KING. 12. WIFE. 13. RASH. 14. TOES.

TWO 250 SHARERS: J. Fogarty, 16, Spottiswoode Road, Edinburgh; Mrs. A. I. Horner, Bank House, Cross Hills, Keighley. 27 Runners-up Awards including Fruit Cakes.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

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for Radio and Lamps

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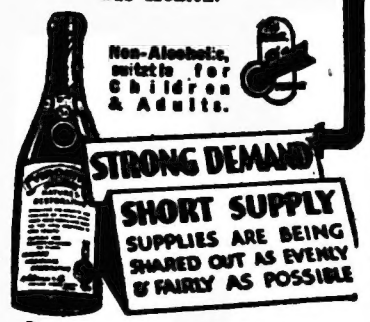
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STRONG DEMAND
SHORT SUPPLY
SUPPLIES ARE BEING SHARED OUT AS EVENLY & FAIRLY AS POSSIBLE

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GUARANTEED 100% PURE
EXTRA SOFT

The BIG TOILET ROLL for the THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock

Maximum Controlled Price 8½d. per roll

RIZLA

News Bulletin

Cigarette Papers

Still a bit scarce owing to war-time difficulties.

Cigarette Machines

No more until the end of the war. RECONDITION your old machine with a new band, price 1d. from most tobacconists.

Filter Tips

NO SHORTAGE AT PRESENT. A packet of 100 saves enough tobacco to make 24 *Cigarettes for* 4d. Get some TO-DAY.

(Retailers ask your Wholesaler for supplies).

RIZLA

MILLIONS know its VALUE!

for Colds Flu & Rheumatic Pain

The worth of 'ASPRO' cannot be estimated in terms of money. Its cost is small yet its service is great. 'ASPRO' users judge its value by the happiness and comfort it brings—the wretchedness and pain it dispels. That's why 'ASPRO' tablets have an honoured place in millions of homes—always at hand, always ready to help. One reason for 'ASPRO' success and for the high place it holds in the public confidence is that it deals with causes as well as symptoms. It helps Nature to dispel Uric Acid from the system—feverishness and pain go—germs are destroyed and Nature's health-giving forces are wonderfully reinforced. So remember, if you are attacked by pain—colds — 'flu — or rheumatic conditions—

YOU CAN RELY ON 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' SMASHES FLU

G.-K. LEE, of 28 Lockwood Street, York, writes: "Just a few lines to let you know how thankful I am for your 'ASPRO.' I think they are marvellous tablets. I have been very ill with the 'flu for over a fortnight and was advised to try your famous 'ASPRO' with a hot drink before going to bed, which I did and was thankful for the result. I was back at work two days after. I shall not be without them in my house. I shall always have them in my medicine chest."

Prices 3½d., 6½d. & 1/3½

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LION OINTMENT

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"A few weeks back, I felt very depressed and tired, and I knew an illness was coming on. At the time, my husband was taking Phosferine and kept so well, so I bought some and have taken it ever since. Believe me, today I am as fit as I can be. I get up in the morning at 7 o'clock, and cook and do all my housework. I feel as different again—bright and well and full of life."

(*Signed*) Mrs. E., Wimbledon.

Many people remember with gratitude the day they took a friend's advice and discovered the power of Phosferine to combat a chronic feeling of tiredness and chase away depression. It can work wonders in your case too—get some to-day.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & 3/3 (No. 2 size)
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2 *Tablets equal* 10 *drops*

PHOSFERINE

When STOMACH ACID Gives you trouble Two Rennies will end it At the double!

Carry a packet of Rennies with you wherever you go, and acid indigestion just hasn't got a chance.

Rennies are tablets, individually wrapped so that you can carry them loose in your pocket or handbag. The very first moment you begin to feel that awful burning pain, just pop a pleasant-tasting Rennie into your mouth and suck it like a sweet. Then another.

You see, each Rennie tablet contains 15 important ingredients which neutralize excess stomach acid in record time. Then, pain goes. Nausea, flatulence, heartburn simply fade away. To anyone who doesn't know the scientific facts, it's like a miracle.

Get a packet of Rennies today. If they don't shift your indigestion, it's high time you saw your doctor about it.

DIGESTIF RENNIES

25 FOR 7 TAX INC

It makes you think!
MERRY MONARCH! -FIREWATCHER
ACCORDING TO CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNTS, IN THE FINAL PHASE OF THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON KING CHARLES II ACTED AS FIREWATCHER IN THE TEMPLE
SERIOUS HOLD-UP IN FOOD DISTRIBUTION
A FIRE THAT BROKE OUT IN A JUTE WAREHOUSE DESTROYED ENOUGH JUTE TO MAKE 600,000 FOOD SACKS. THE JUTE CAN ONLY BE REPLACED BY IMPORTS FROM OVERSEAS.—
— ALMOST EVERY FIRE THAT BREAKS OUT IS STARTED BY SOMEONE WHO NEVER STARTED ONE BEFORE
THERE'S A FIRE EVERY OTHER MINUTE, HELPING THE ENEMY
LATEST NEWS
VICTORY DELAYED
EVERY DAY ACCIDENTAL FIRES ARE HINDERING THE WAR EFFORT. MOST OF THEM ARE CAUSED BY CIGARETTE-ENDS OR MATCHES
You can't be too careful!

Issued by the Fire Offices' Committee as part of a National Campaign supported by Government Departments concerned

"What is peacetime like?"

He has grown up in the biggest war of all time. He hasn't known what peace meant. It is going to be a strange and wonderful new world. Whatever happiness 'after the war' has in store for him, one thing will count most—good health.

During wartime you have found how 'Milk of Magnesia' has helped to keep him fit and free from minor stomach troubles.

In the happier days ahead, 'Milk of Magnesia' will, even as now, be your standby—never absent from the medicine cabinet.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

To soothe or celebrate, to enliven the dull moment, to cheer the tedious hour; this is the job a cigarette does so well . . . and *none* so well as "Player's".

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

N.C.C.565B

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

The demand for Silvikrin preparations is greater than the stocks available and is likely to remain so until conditions are easier. So use Silvikrin carefully —make it go as far as possible.

L/434-P

SILVIKRIN LABORATORIES • LONDON • N.19

Blistered feet, or feet painful with corns, or swollen or chafed by heavy boots or shoes, will feel PERFECTLY COMFORTABLE if you bathe them in warm water and massage them with GERMOLENE! This wonderful ointment is a solace to aching foot joints, a restorative to overworked and constricted muscles, a boon which makes the skin of your feet look youthful and healthy. Get a tin of Germolene today:

1/4 and 3/5 including Purchase Tax.

In case of SPOTS, RASHES, CUTS, CORNS, INFLAMMATION, BURNS, BLISTERS, LEG TROUBLE, PIMPLES, ETC., ETC.

use **Germolene** ASEPTIC OINTMENT

—Soothes at a touch Heals your skin clean!

COMMON COLD

Common sense...

THE common-sense approach to the problem of the common cold is "Serocalcin," and people who maintain that colds are "inevitable" ignore *facts*. For more than eight years "Serocalcin" has been prescribed by the Medical Profession, and the efficacy of "Serocalcin" for treatment or prophylaxis *in some* 8 *out of* 10 *cases* is now a matter of established *fact*.

A 30-day course of Serocalcin tablets gives 3 to 4 months immunity in some 8 out of 10 cases. Existing colds usually respond to Serocalcin in 48 hours.

There are no "drugs" in Serocalcin and no unpleasant reactions. It can be given to children with perfect safety. The immunizing course of 60 tablets—2 daily for 30 days—costs 8/5½ inc. tax. For existing colds—3 tablets 3 times daily—there is a special 20 tablet pack price 3/4½.

If you suffer from colds, ask your Doctor or Chemist about Serocalcin (Reg. Trade Mark) or send 1d. stamp for booklet "Immunity from Colds."

HARWOODS LABORATORIES LTD., WATFORD, HERTS

Where YOUR CYCLE differs from YOU
YOU — and all living creation — automatically renew your physical structure. Nature effects her own repairs and renewals to ensure fitness. A piece of mechanism like a cycle cannot do so. It depends on YOU to keep it fit by simple replacement, in a jiffy, of any outworn parts with genuine PHILLIPS Cycle fitments. Your Cycle Dealer will confirm this sound advice. ASK HIM.
PHILLIPS
CYCLE FITMENTS
J. A. PHILLIPS & CO. LTD. CREDENDA WORKS BIRMINGHAM

Hercules CYCLES

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